LATEST WAR NEWS.

The Post

Sunday Special

1D 2D

NO. 481. SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1914. [REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.]

FATE OF THE HERMES.

SUNK IN HOME WATERS.

PROGRESS OF BIG BATTLE.

The Admiralty announce that the cruiser Hermes has been torpedoed and sunk in the Straits of Dover by a German submarine. Nearly all the officers and men have been saved.

On the other hand, in an attack on the British Fleet off the Belgian Coast, a German submarine is reported to have been sunk by the gunfire of the British ships.

The Turkish Fleet has attacked a Russian flotilla in the Black Sea, sinking, it is claimed, four torpedo boats and a mine-laying vessel. The Turkish vessels, it is reported, are bombarding Sevastopol.

The French official review of the situation shows that the Germans made a general offensive movement all along the front from Nieuport to Arras, accompanied by violent attacks at other parts of the line. South of Ypres we lost a few points of advantage. Between La Bassee and Arras all German attacks were repulsed, with heavy losses to the enemy. In the Aisne district the Allies also made progress, but they had to retire towards Vailly. There has been heavy fighting in the Argonne.

The Germans claim to have driven the Allies across the Aisne, and inflicted severe losses. It is now recognised that the attempt by the enemy to cross the Yser has failed. The only result has been a terrific loss of life to the Germans.

For ten days the Belgian Army held the German onrush back at a loss of 20,000 killed and wounded. It was the out-ranging of the Belgian guns by the German artillery that enabled the enemy to make what progress he did at the Yser.

A Taube aeroplane passed over a train filled with Indian troops, who opened fire on it and brought it down. As the aeroplane struck the ground there was a terrible explosion, and the three aviators who were in the machine were blown to bits.

A Russian regiment distinguishes itself in a brilliant bayonet charge in a wood, where heavy losses were inflicted on the Germans.

Lord Charles Nairne, second son of Lord Lansdowne, has been killed in action.

A young man of foreign appearance was arrested under dramatic circumstances at the trial by court-martial of a German in London.

POSED AS BELGIAN REFUGEE.

How German Army Deserter Was Caught.

Folkestone, Saturday.

Adam Grien, a German subject, was charged at Folkestone Police Court this morning with residing within a prohibited area without a permit.

Evidence was given that prisoner landed at Folkestone on Tuesday from Flushing. He informed the detective who arrested him that he was a Belgian, and was born in Antwerp. He subsequently admitted he was a deserter from the German Army.

Mr Pettersen, the Belgian Consul, said prisoner called on him, and, although he spoke Flemish, he was struck by prisoner's German accent. Prisoner denied he was a German. Witness communicated with the police, with the result that the prisoner was arrested.

Prisoner, in defence, admitted his nationality, but said he was married to a Belgian woman, and had lived in Antwerp. He was sentenced to six months' hard labour.

NO BONFIRES.

Press Bureau and Guy Fawkes Day.

A Press Bureau message says the naval and military authorities have agreed to partial relaxation on 5th November of the rule prohibiting fireworks in defended harbours and proclaimed areas. Ordinary small fireworks will be allowed up to 8 p.m., but not aerial fireworks, rockets, shells, Roman candles, or heavy-sound signals (whether aerial or ground). There should be no bonfires.

GERMANS ATTACK ALL ALONG THE LINE.

TERRORISING THE CIVIL POPULATION.

REPORTED DISASTER TO ENEMY'S SUBMARINE.

Paris, Saturday evening.

The communique issued this evening says—

Yesterday was marked by an attempt at a general offensive movement by the Germans, all along the front from Nieuport to Arras, and by violent attacks at other parts of the line of battle.

From Nieuport to La Bassee Canal there were alternating advances and retirements.

South of Nieuport, the Germans, who had occupied Ramscapelle, were driven out by a counter attack.

South of Ypres we lost a few points of advantage, d'Appui, at Hollebeke, and Landvoorde, and we have made progress east of Ypres, in the direction of Passchendaele.

Between La Bassee and Arras all German attacks were repulsed with heavy losses to the enemy.

In the Chaulmes district we have progressed beyond Lihons, and we have occupied Quesnoy en Santerre.

In the Aisne district we also made progress on the heights on the right bank below Soissons, but we had to retire towards Vailly.

We have advanced in the region of Louvain, and there has been heavy fighting in the Argonne.

In the Woevre we gained further ground in the forest of Le Pretre.—P.A. War Special.

BATTLE CONTINUES.

Severe Bayonet Attacks.

Amsterdam, Saturday Night.

On the Yser, says a Sluis telegram, the battle continued during last night and this forenoon.

The guns were thundering all the time, and severe bayonet attacks were made yesterday.

A British aviator threw three bombs on the war material which the Germans had collected in large quantities at Lichteroelde. Much damage was done and three soldiers were killed.

German troops are encamped near Gits, one hour from Roulers.

There is no change on the Yser, but the inundation of the whole district is the best ally of the Belgians.

Yesterday the Germans received fresh reinforcements, and the coast line between Ostend and Knocke is being more and more fortified, while trenches are being thrown up in the dunes.

The Germans have destroyed the pier at Blankenberghe.—Reuter.

GERMANS CLAIM TO HAVE INFLICTED

Severe Losses on the Allies.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

An official telegram from Great German Headquarters in Berlin this afternoon says:—

Our army in Belgium yesterday occupied Ramscapelle and Bixschoote, and the attacks on the Ypres are progressing.

Zandvoorde, the chateau of Hollebeke and Wambeke, were stormed, and further south we also gained ground.

East of the Soissons the enemy has been attacked, and during the day we chased them from several strongly fortified positions north of the Vailly which was stormed during the afternoon, the enemy retreating across the Aisne, and suffering severe losses.

We captured a thousand prisoners and two machine guns.

In the Argonnes and west of Verdun, and to the north of Toul, several French attacks were repulsed with heavy losses for the enemy.

The battle in the north-eastern theatre till now is undecided.

West of Warsaw the Russians are slowly following our troops, who are now being reformed.—Reuter.

BELGIANS RETAKE POSITION

Previously Yielded to Enemy.

Havre, Saturday.

The Headquarters of the Belgian Staff has issued the following communique:—

Havre, Friday.

This morning violent attacks were attempted by the enemy in the neighbourhood of Ramscapelle and Pervyse.

The second of these attacks was repulsed with heavy loss, but the first obliged us to yield some ground, which was, however, retaken partially this afternoon.

The inundation between the Yser and the railway from Nieuport to Dixmunde has reached as far as the neighbourhood of Pervyse.

On the front between Dixmunde and Hayghen no important action has taken place.

The Allies have succeeded in crossing the Yperlee, and gaining ground towards the East. The enemy has lost Bixschoote, and is maintaining himself with difficulty on the Lys. At Hofgaard the situation remains practically unchanged.—Reuter.

BELGIANS HOLD BACK ENEMY

AT COST OF 20,000 CASUALTIES.

The German advance across the Yser has been brought to a full stop.

The passage of the Yser by the Germans, which sent a thrill of alarm down the coast, has had no result except a terrific sacrifice of life. They never succeeded in crossing the few kilometres between the river and railway which the Belgian troops were holding, and never managed to enter Pervyse.

It is to the eternal credit of the Belgian Army that it held the German onrush back for ten days in spite of the weariness of the sorely-tried men.

The Belgian officers put their loss at 20,000 killed and wounded. It was the outranging of the Belgian guns by the German pieces that enabled the enemy to pass the Yser.

The Belgian gunners did their utmost, but it was impossible either for them or the infantry to live under the fire of guns, whose positions were out of their range, and a withdrawal of about two miles to the railway embankment was absolutely necessary.

German Infantry Fails.

Fortunately the enemy's infantry had already been taught several dire lessons, and he either could not, or would not, press home the advantage with the necessary weight, and all possibility of a German advance at this point seems to have vanished.

Both sides were firing at each other across the Pervyse. German shells were still setting houses alight in the unhappy little towns, but the snap had gone out of the German attack. In the late afternoon, and possibly earlier, heavy gun fire was heard from the sea. Evidently our ships were again taking a hand.

The French and Belgians are now in such a favourable position on the Nieuport-Dixmude line that an advance of the Allies may reasonably be expected. People are already speculating on the chances of being soon able to pay a visit to Ostend.

So ends, according to all appearances, the march to Calais, on which the Berliner Tafelblatt declared, the fate of Germany depended.

German Submarine Sunk.

There are a number of British warships along the coast, and German submarines are doing their best to bring them to destruction. It is reported that one of these submarines has been sunk by gun fire.

The enemy continues the senseless practice of bomb-dropping from aeroplanes in the midst of crowded civilian populations. The last one which visited Dunkirk two days ago was aimed at the Town Hall in preference to numerous forts, the port crowded with shipping, or some other spot where the Apostle of Teutonic Culture might conceivably have killed a combatant or two.

A woman and a small boy, who sold newspapers, were killed.

The terrorisation of the civil population in order to make it impatient of war is avowedly one of means by which Germany imagines herself to be working towards victory.

"GREAT PROGRESS" IS VIEW

Expressed by the French Press.

Paris, Saturday.

The Echo de Paris, reviewing the situation, says:—Our troops have made marvellous progress in the neighbourhood of Verdun. We are approaching nearer and nearer to Etain. We have dislodged the enemy from his entrenchments, and are now on the road to St Mihiel. We have driven the enemy from the left bank of the Meuse. In short, we are making great progress.

All the Paris newspapers to-day agree that the situation is becoming more and more satisfactory, and that all Germany's plans have completely failed.

The Matin says the German Emperor wanted to take Nancy. He failed. He then made plans for the capture of Paris, Warsaw, Dunkirk, Calais Dover, and finally London, but in every case he was unsuccessful.

Of all the great objectives at which he aimed in France and in Russia not one was reached. Everywhere our offensive is beginning to dislodge the Kaiser's troops from their holes.

General Cherfils, writing in the Echo de Paris, remarks that a distinct feeling of lassitude can be detected among the German troops. After having submitted to their impotent attacks it is we now who appear to be demolishing the German bastilles and to be pushing forward an offensive which our constantly-strengthened forces will render irresistible.

The Gaulois declares that Germans can add nothing more to the density of their battle front, while the Allied Powers are rich enough in reserves to throw another million into the field. Let us wait, the journal concludes. To last out is to triumph.

GERMANS ADMIT HEAVY LOSSES.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

A Sluis correspondent of the Telegraaf states that Courtrai, Iseghen, Roulers, and Thourout are still in the hands of the Germans, while Ypres is in the hands of the Allies.

The battle round Ypres, he says, is very stubborn, especially at Passchendale, West Roosebeke, and Becelaere.

The German soldiers admit the trenches and fortifications of the Allies are impregnable, and that the German losses have been terrible.

On one day three thousand wounded arrived in Gelmunster, and the centre of West Flanders is becoming one great hospital.

Roulers has suffered heavily, 250 houses having been burnt during the bombardment.

Fifteen inhabitants of the village of Rumbeke were killed, and fifty houses burnt. The magnificent church was spared.

Germans occupy the whole of the coast from Ostend to Knocke, and regiments of Marines were marching all day from Bruges to Heyst.

The Germans have ordered the evacuation of all houses along the sea dyke.—P.A. War Special.

AVIATORS BLOWN TO BITS.

How Indians Dealt With Hostile Aeroplane.

Paris, Saturday.

Recently in a French town in the war area a Taube aeroplane, which was passing over a church, dropped a bomb, which fell on the back of a horse. The animal was literally torn to pieces. Some people who were standing by were also struck, more or less seriously, by the splinters.

The Taube passed over a railway station in which was standing a train filled with Indian soldiers.

The report of the bomb was mistaken by them for gun fire, and the belief gained ground that they were being suddenly attacked by Germans.

In a moment the train was transformed into a fortress bristling with guns.

The soldiers were quickly informed that this was a false alarm.

The Taube was shown to them, and independent fire quickly opened on it.

A moment later the German aircraft fell into a field some distance away.

No doubt it was carrying more bombs, because as the aeroplane struck the ground there was a terrible explosion, and the three aviators who were in the machine were torn to unrecognisable shreds.

This is the first Taube which has been brought down by Indian troops up to now.—P.A. War Special.

CRUISER SUNK

IN STRAITS OF DOVER.

TORPEDOED BY GERMAN SUBMARINE.

NEARLY ALL OFFICERS AND MEN SAVED.

The secretary of the Admiralty made the following announcement late last night:—

The old cruiser Hermes (Capt. C. R. Lambe), which has been recently used as a seaplane carrying ship, was sunk to-day by a torpedo fired by a German submarine in the Straits of Dover as she was returning from Dunkirk.

Nearly all the officers and crew were saved, but the exact loss cannot be ascertained until the men are mustered.

The loss of the vessel is of small military significance.

The Venerable (Capt. V. H. J. Bennard) has been in action all day in support of the Belgian left, aided by the gunboats and flotillas. This is now the fourteenth day of the naval bombardment.

THE LOST VESSEL.

The Hermes was a light cruiser of 5600 tons, and of 10,000 I.H.P. She was equipped with eleven six-inch guns, eight twelve pounders, and one three pounder, and her commander was Charles R. Lambe. The other officers on board the Hermes include Lieutenant William A. Cooke Hurle, Lieutenant Valentine D. Hurst, Lieutenant Arthur E. Harbord, Lieutenant-Commander, R.N.R., William Barton, Lieutenant Gordon Hallet, Engineer-Commander Edwin R. Kestell, Captain R. M. (Res.) Frank Athow, Fleet Surgeon James Mc—, M.B., Temporary Surgeon Charles W. Shepherd, Paymaster Claud M. Ware, Assistant Paymaster Maurice W. Hart, Gunner Samuel E. Butcher, Carpenter Thomas R. D. Stafford, Artificer Engineer Murdoch Mackenzie, Wt. Engineers George Holman and James A. Ward.

THE VENERABLE.

The Venerable, which took part in the bombardment, is a battleship of 15,000 tons, and she is equipped with four 12-inch guns, twelve 6-inch guns, sixteen twelve pounders, and two three pounders.

GERMANY THREATENS REPRISALS

Unless Britain Releases Prisoners.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The banks and firms in Hamburg have sent letters to their head offices in London asking the London firms to remonstrate with the British Government with the view to obtaining better treatment for German prisoners of war, on the ground that the German Government will probably yield to the pressure of public opinion, and will take reprisals.—Reuter.

The Dresdner Anzeiger, having sent to the German Foreign Secretary a telegram on the subject of the treatment of Germans in Britain, received a reply stating that the American Ambassador in London had been requested to make a personal inquiry into the treatment of German prisoners, and if the complaints were substantiated to urge immediate redress.

The American Ambassador had since made a report on his visit to several camps where German prisoners are interned, and found the conditions satisfactory.

Nevertheless, the journal understands measures of reprisal will shortly be taken in Germany if Britain is not prepared immediately to release all German prisoners.

SIX MILLION ROUNDS OF AMMUNITION

Taken From Interned Soldiers in Holland.

According to a Rotterdam newspaper a steamer of the Batavier Line has just conveyed to the Delft military depot 6,000,000 rounds of ammunition seized on the Belgian and French soldiers interned in Holland, and also some sea mines and a hundred 15-centimetre shells from a Belgian monitor.

A second cargo of 30,000 rifles, 100 bicycles, and some motor cars is shortly expected.—Reuter.

FIFTEEN WAGGON LOADS OF BLANKETS SEIZED.

Activities of German Troops in Belgium.

Amsterdam, Saturday Night.

A tele gram states that the Germans are very busq requisitioning everything they can lay hands on.

At St Gilles, near Termonde, they visited a blanket factory, and seized fifteen waggon loads of blankets, and intimated that still more blankets would be required.

From Lokeren railway trains full of goods of all kinds have been sent to the Eastern frontier, and to France.

The German troops at Lebbeke and Wettener and in the surrounding country have suddenly left, and the situation in the districts is now much better.—Reuter.

BOMBARDMENT OF GERMAN FAR EAST FORTS.

Tokio, Saturday.

An official statement issued by the Navy Department states the bombardment of Taingtau from the sea with the object of destroying the forts was continued on October 29 and 30, and was generally successful.

TURKEY BREAKS WITH BRITAIN.

FLEETS IN ACTION IN BLACK SEA.

FIVE RUSSIAN WAR VESSELS REPORTED SUNK.

A statement issued by the Press Bureau early this morning states:—

The Turkish Government summarily shut off communication with the British Embassy at Constantinople on Friday.

The British Government must take whatever action is required to protect British interests and territory and Egypt from attacks made or threatened.

BATTLE IN THE BLACK SEA.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

According to a telegram received in Berlin from Constantinople, the Turkish Fleet, in a battle with the Russian Black Sea Fleet, has sunk four torpedo boats and one gunboat.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Frankfurter Zeitung publishes the following official telegram from Constantinople:—

A small part of the Turkish Fleet in the Black Sea sank the Russian mine-layer Prut, 5000 tons, which had on board 700 mines, damaged a Russian torpedo boat, and seized a collier.

A torpedo fired from a Turkish torpedo boat sank the Russian destroyer Kubanetz.

The Mauvenet J. Millet torpedoed another Russian coastguard ship, which was severely damaged. Three Russian officers and 72 sailors were saved by us and imprisoned.

The Turkish Fleet suffered no loss, and the battle is being successfully continued.—Reuter.

SEVASTOPOL BOMBARDED.

A Rome correspondent says:—Russian warships attacked the Turkish Fleet in the Black Sea. A mine-laying ship and destroyer were sunk, and a collier was captured. The Turks have bombarded Sevastopol.

READY TO LEAVE CONSTANTINOPLE.

Washington, Saturday.

Advices have been received by the State Department to the effect that the representatives of the Allies are preparing to leave Constantinople.—Reuter.

GOEBEN'S GUNS TRAINED ON ROYAL PALACE.

It is stated the German officers used threats, and turned the Goeben's guns on the Sultan's Palace.

Complete bewilderment and consternation prevail in Constantinople. The Turkish Ministry is sitting continuously, referring frequently to the German Ambassador.

TURKISH CAVALRY ON THE MOVE.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

A telegram from German sources says strong Turkish cavalry detachments have arrived at the Gulf of Akaba, and Turkish vessels equipped with wireless telegraph apparatus have appeared at the entrance to the Gulf of Suez.

"NOW THE TURKS BEAT THEM."

Rejoicings in Berlin.

It is reported from Berlin that the recent somewhat depressed state suddenly changed when the papers published reports that the Turks had decided to go to war.

Outside the windows of the newspaper offices crowds were rejoicing at the big placards, stating—"Now the Turks beat them."

Not since the fall of Antwerp has there been similar enthusiasm.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

According to advices received from Berlin, great manifestations of sympathy with Turkey took place there last night.

Several carriages decorated with Turkish and Imperial flags stopped in Potsdamerplatz, and the Turkish special Ambassador, Jussuf Bey, said the great hour for settling accounts with oppressors of Islam had come. Germany is fighting against a world of envy. Turkey chooses to take the part of the glorious army.

At the Turkish Embassy Mahmud Mukhtar Pacha, Turkish Ambassador, answering a patriotic speech, thanked the gathering for its manifestation, which, he said, proved how great were mutual sympathies of both nations.

DEADLY WORK OF RUSSIAN REGIMENT.

GRAPHIC STORY OF GERMAN ROUT.

The Press Bureau issued yesterday the following communication received from Professor Paris, the authorised correspondent at Russian Headquarters:—

I have spent some days in Warsaw, and have examined the scenes of the recent fighting as far out as beyond Skiernewice.

The Russian river line of defence ran along the Nieman, Middle Vistula, and San.

The Germans had not previously tested seriously the strength of the centre of this line, and Russian reports issued have so far only spoken of a northern and a southern front.

Warsaw lay beyond the defensive river line. Rapid seizure of the city before winter set in would have greatly strengthened the Prussian northern front, and would have endangered the Russian occupation of Galicia. It would also have created a moral effect on the Poles, and might have supported any proposals to negotiate. The Germans advanced principally from the south-west, a region largely left in their hands.

German army corps reached a line south-east of Blone, and at Pruszkow they were little more than six miles from Warsaw.

Their cannonade shook the windows of the city. German aeroplanes dropped bombs near the railway bridge and elsewhere, killing over one hundred persons, but not achieving their objects.

The population were much exasperated, and some went out to the scene of the fighting.

The brunt of the defence fell on two Russian corps, especially on one containing Siberian troops, which had to oppose three German corps.

Splendid work was done at Pruszkow, and also by a Siberian regiment at Razitna. Here the Germans, covered by wood and gardens, delayed the Russian advance, and placed machine guns on the roof of a high church.

Inhabitants say that the Siberians long refrained from returning the fire from the church.

The regiment lost its colonel and many officers and 275 men, but held good till reinforced.

Brilliant Bayonet Charge.

Several Russian corps arrived, and the Russians then drove the Germans back in successive rearguard engagements, which lasted in all eighteen days.

Another regiment specially distinguished itself at Casimierz, and received a telegram from the Commander-in-Chief congratulating it on a brilliant bayonet attack two days ago. It drove the enemy with the bayonet through a wood, inflicting heavy losses.

The Germans retired rapidly in the night to the south-west. The country up to several miles west and south of Lowicz and Skiernewice has now been recovered.

The Germans in these operations seized provisions and some valuables, and committed some minor indignities of devastation. The population is strongly for Russians, and offers every service to Russian soldiers.

Deliberate Retreat.

In Warsaw great enthusiasm prevails with a very striking difference from the attitude before the war and the Grand Duke's appeal.

The Germans in retiring made clean work of the bridges, railways, and stores. There was every sign of a deliberate and well-executed retreat. Less prisoners were taken than in the case of the Austrians, the wounded being mostly carried away.

The Russian artillery worked with great precision and effect, and the Russian infantry, after artillery preparation, attacked throughout.

There is no sign of any likelihood of a further German aggressive on this side before winter, but there always is a possibility of an early conflict southward, where the Russians need to secure and complete their conquest of Galicia, and the enemy has to guard their joint base between Germany and Austria.

FORESTS AND VILLAGES WIPED OUT.

What Russian Forces Have to Do.

Rome, Friday.

The approach to the German position is protected by rows of trenches, alternated with ditches, and is further guarded by wire entanglements (says a message from Rome).

Seen at a distance, the enemy's position gives the impression of a large vineyard, but instead of vines iron shoots up everywhere, and the vintage is the blood of the Germans, who have lost 6000 men.

The forests around have all been razed as if shaved by a gigantic machine. Everything is on a cyclopean scale.

A few days ago a large village stood on the left side of the enemy's encampment. It has now entirely disappeared. It was an obstacle to Russian artillery and a support for the Germans, and was therefore destroyed in a few moments.

Long lines of German prisoners have been taken into the interior, through muddy roads, in which the soldiers sink up to their knees.

CHOLERA RAVAGES IN AUSTRIA.

Vienna Feeling the Pinch.

The ravages of cholera are increasing at an alarming rate throughout Austria-Hungary.

There is not a single Crown land in Austria, and scarcely a county in Hungary, where fresh cases are not reported every day.

The epidemic is naturally worst in Galacia, where, it is stated, that nearly one hundred deaths occur every day amongst the troops in the field.

The bodies are immediately cremated.

The Hungarian Ministry of the Interior has issued a notice saying that more doctors are urgently needed at infectious diseases hospitals, which offer to pay them 25s a day, besides board and travelling expenses.

Wounded are everywhere suffering intensely from a shortage of doctors in the field, the result being that many arrive at Vienna or Budapest in a terrible condition, owing to their injuries having received practically no attention at the front.

Vienna is beginning to feel that the burden of sheltering considerably over 100,000 Galician refugees is absolutely intolerable.

The Burgomaster has paid repeated visits to the Premier, urging the Government to take steps to send the refugees back to their homes. The Government, however, is helpless, since the majority of the fugitives refuse to return to the country, where food is unobtainable, except at enormous prices.—P.A. War Special.

AMMUNITION DEPOT BLOWN UP.

Austria Claims Batch of Successes.

Amsterdam.

An official telegram from Vienna makes the following claims:—

On the Lower San strong hostile forces which had crossed the river to the south of Nisko were repulsed after severe fighting.

Near Stary Sambor our artillery has blown up a Russian ammunition depot.

All hostile attacks on the heights west of Stary Sambor have been repulsed.

In the district north-east of Turka our attacking troops have occupied several important positions on the heights which the enemy were forced to evacuate precipitately.

Our Landstrum captured numerous prisoners during these engagements. The total number of interned prisoners in Austria-Hungary on 8th October was 649 officers and 73,179 men, not including prisoners taken in the fighting of the past week.—P.A. War Special.

CREW LEAP FROM DECK

OF WRECKED HOSPITAL SHIP.

NAMES OF MEN BROUGHT TO SHORE.

Whitby, Saturday.

The wrecked hospital ship Rohilla still resists the fury of the waves.

Men on board are jumping into the water and being picked up on the beach.

When dawn broke this morning it was seen that there were still men moving about the remnants of the hospital ship on the rocks at Whitby, and shortly afterwards signals passed between the boat and the shore.

The lifeboat crew put out again in a still tremendous sea. Unfortunately after two hours' work in tow of a tug the lifeboat men were unable to achieve their object. As this effort failed it was observed that there was some exceptional activity aboard the Rohilla, and shortly after men of the ship's crew stripped to the waist were seen to poise themselves on the bulwarks and then plunge into the water, there to be tossed like corks.

Human life-lines immediately stretched out to meet the swimmers, and, terribly exhausted and bruised, yet still alive, these men were hauled to safety.

Two more followed their example, but whilst one reached the shore alive the other was recovered from the sea dead.

Further ineffectual efforts were made to slip a line over the ship from the rocket apparatus. Ultimately some forty men reached the shore.

Acroplane as Line Carrier.

In the afternoon the seas increased considerably, and at intervals completely submerged the wreck of the Rohilla, whereon some twenty or thirty men were still imprisoned.

Several persons put off from the wreck on rafts, but nearly all were drowned. One raft which drifted northwards was chased by a lifeboat, and was brought ashore, having upon it the only one of those who sought this means of escape who reached safety.

As dusk fell to-night Captain Neillson and others were observed to be leaning calmly over the Rohilla's rail. It is stated that an aeroplane is coming from Hull in an endeavour to carry a line from the land across the vessel.

Some of the Victims.

The Whitby Coroner to-day opened an inquiry upon the bodies of the dead, and after evidence of identification, adjourned the inquiry.

The dead are—J. Shute (sick berth steward), aged thirty-five; John Hare (hospital cook), aged fifty-four; Canon R. I. Guyder (Catholic priest), aged forty-five; George Omver (assistant steward), aged thirty-six; George Brain (carpenter), aged twenty-two; James Sellars (sick berth attendant), aged nineteen; J. Frogarty (steward), aged thirty-two; — Persans (sick berth attendant), aged twenty; F. W. Morgan (master-at-arms), aged forty-eight.

Chaplain Drowned.

News was received in Swansea that Canon Gwydr, Roman Catholic priest, Swansea, a chaplain to the fleet, has perished on the hospital ship Rohilla. The deceased was forty-eight years of age, and was a native of Longford, Ireland. He went to Swansea fifteen years ago from Liverpool, and was a prominent figure in social, religious, and educational work in Swansea.

The following survivors have been landed at Whitby:—

Roland Allen, chaplain.
— Brenwood, fourth engineer.
— Scott, quartermaster.
— Huddy, second officer.
Sergeant Creswell Wilson, jun., Marconi operator.
— M'Mace, leading stoker.
— Graham, fourth officer.
— Ashcroft and H. Leith Murray, surgeons.
Walker Matthews, steward's assistant.
— Robertson, stoker.
Nursing Sisters Bennett, Benington, Paterson, and Hocking.
— Wootan, boatswain.
Dr Hird Wallace.
Leading Shipwright Horscroft.
James Brittain, Knight, Waterworth, R.N.R. (boatswain's mate), A. Cribb (able seaman), Shewan, T. Hughes, E. Davies, John Ovens, A. Johnston, F. Hockey, William Wood, J. Henry, J. Cunnian, J. Farquhar, A. Forwan, C. Evans Bruce (seaman), D. Murray, T. Paddock, Alexander Coventry, George Smith (fireman), William Lindbery, Fred Ridehough, Frank Bigwood, J. William Farquharson, C. W. Fairfare Morgan, R.N.R. (navigation officer), John R. Gavin (dispenser), Patrick Torley (fireman), Edward Mackenzie (engineer), William Dick (greaser), Tennant (seaman), Malcolm M'Leod, Thomas M'Mahon, William Forbes, Tom Dixon, and Winstanley.

(OFFICIAL.)

ALLIES MAINTAIN THEIR POSITION.

Paris, Sunday Morning.

According to the latest news, there are no notable incidents to report.

In the centre we have progressed in the region to the north of Soudin.

Everywhere else we maintain our position.

TREMENDOUS GERMAN LOSSES.

Petrograd, Saturday.

On the East Prussian front the attempt planned by the enemy to break through the centre of our fortified position has failed after five days of fruitless attacks.

The Germans suffered tremendous losses. In many places the large heaps of dead bodies in front of our trenches testified to the accuracy of our fire.

Our troops are advancing in several districts on the East Prussian front.

AMERICAN VIEW OF ANNEXATION

Of Belgium by Germany.

New York, Saturday.

The New York Herald, in an editorial article on the reported announcement of Germany's intention to annex Belgium, says:—To Americans the Kaiser's ruthless onslaught upon a little nation is the crime of ages. If anything were needed to emphasise the enormity of the crime it is furnished by this threat of absorption based on conquest.

If American sentiment could determine the result, there would be no peace till the Belgians are once more in possession of their country.—Reuter.

NEW PHASE OF THE WAR BEGINNING.

ALLIES MAKING HEADWAY IN FAR-STRETCHED BATTLE.

LORD FISHER'S WATCHWORD.

(BY GUY L'ESTRANGE, THE WELL-KNOWN MILITARY EXPERT.

London, Saturday Midnight.

The new German plan of seizing the Channel Coast has been an expensive failure.

According to the time-table, the Germans were to have been in Calais to-morrow (Sunday). They are not in Calais, and at present there seems very little likelihood of them getting there.

The latest news is that the Allies have recaptured Lille, and we may expect the Germans to evacuate Ostend at any moment.

The Allies, Belgian, French, and British, with the fleet energetically shelling the enemy from the sea, have decisively crushed the movement on the coast.

Slowly but surely the Germans are retreating towards the east, and the Allied troops are making impressive headway on the extreme east flank of the far-stretched battle in France.

The Belgians have fought pluckily and doggedly, and rumour has it that the Germans get little quarter from them. It will be a great satisfaction to the Belgian troops, and to their devoted King, to take part in the operations against the Germans that will eventually turn them out of Belgian soil for good.

All this points to the beginning of a new phase of this war, in which the depleted German armies will be confined to a mere defensive and a hopeless one. This will be the test, not only of the endurance of the German armies, but of the true temper of the German people. At the present rate they will have lost by Christmas well over a couple of million men, and their armies will consist of welded straps and improvised divisions.

Our Losses.

No such condition threatens the Allies, though we have lost probably one army corps, or between forty and fifty thousand men.

Our army in France is numerically very much stronger and more effective and efficient than it was at the beginning of the war. No British battalions have had to be incorporated together. By Christmas the first contingent of our first half-million men will be ready for service, and we shall have a new army of a million men rapidly coming on.

The French have, without calling out their schoolboys and veterans, like the Germans, from three-quarters to a million men all of the best service age, and well trained, who are at this moment ready in everything but equipment to take the field. The French never reckoned on having to mobilise more than a million men in the first phase of the war.

As to the Russian reserves of fighting men there is no need to enlarge. This is what Germany has to face in a near and certain future, and she cannot conceivably do it.

The Big Gun Bogey.

That this fact is beginning to be realised in Germany is apparent from the pathetic importance the Germans now attach to special miracles in the way of the big guns. They are doing their best to enact the role of the fat boy of Europe by making everybody's flesh creep. This was the real motive which lay behind the desperate efforts carried out at such a stupendous cost of human life to hack a way through to Calais. The Berlin newspapers are full of stories of how Britain is to be invaded, and we are considerately cautioned of what will happen to us if we insist on reinforcing the Allied armies on the Continent, and denuding our own country of troops.

Had Germany really contemplated such a rash adventure, and regarded Calais as essential to the process, it is truly surprising that the port was not occupied in the early days of the war. A comparatively small force would have sufficed to seize and hold it at the time when the Allied armies were being driven back right on to the gates of Paris.

Germany did not occupy Calais then because her military men knew that its possession was worthless so long as the armies of France and Britain remain intact and effective.

Germany's Plan of Campaign.

It is possible now to piece together with a reasonable accuracy Germany's moves in this frightful game. She had prepared for this war with steady and insistent cunning for many years. It was bound to come because Germany meant it to. She did not scatter gun platforms over a smiling land and organise her spies in every capital merely for defensive purposes. Her North Sea Fleet, her airships, and her monster guns were not intended for the defence of the hearths and homes of the Fatherland. She was out for conquest and culture. The moment came rather earlier than she desired, but she seized it with ruthless determination. The plan was to overwhelm France and hold Paris. If the French Republic still resisted then, and was unwilling to accept the German yoke on fairly easy terms, the campaign against the French was to be prosecuted at leisure in the south, while Germany held Belgium and the north, and used the Channel coast to harass, if not to invade England and to cut off communications with France.

Britain the Objective.

Slow-moving Russia was to be dealt with after France had been beaten to her knees, and Britain, the real enemy and object of envenomed German hatred and spiteful jealousy, was to have her hands full with the rebellious German gold and intrigue had stirred up in her Oversea Dominions. That was the master plan.

At the beginning of the war the German Headquarters Staff boasted that they would have Paris though it cost them a million men. They have not got Paris. They will never get Paris. But they have lost well over a million men.

The German estimate of their own casualties up to the middle of September is over half a million. There is always a tendency to exaggerate in figures of this kind, but it is probably a conservative estimate. They must have lost something like twice that number since. In the last week's fighting from the Belgian coast to Lille, where their reinforced right flank has made furious efforts to burst through the Allies, the German casualties are reported to be over 100,000 men.

Kaiser's Wish Fulfilled.

The severity of the fighting has been without parallel since the war began. It is quite true that the Germans have hurried up reinforcements from the east, consisting of comparatively raw levies. But they have never ceased to employ their first line troops for the bullet-head of their attack, though in other directions they may have had to rely on very indifferent fighting material.

In pursuance of this practice of employing the finest troops where they were most needed, the Kaiser has had his wish. His brave Bavarians have met the British. The Kaiser expressed the wish that these warriors might encounter our men "just once."

The Bavarians, what are left of them, probably share that part at least of the Imperial wish. They were hurled against our men in the La Bassee region at long odds, and were thrown back time and again with slaughter that amounted to carnage.

They bridged canals and small rivers with the bodies of their dead, and tried to cross on those horrible parapets.

Indian Troops at Work.

Only once and at one place did they succeed in breaking the British line, and that was where it joined the French on the right, always a weak point in an allied defensive. An immense force of Germans simply overwhelmed our men by sheer weight of numbers and pushed on over them in savage triumph.

Some of our native Indian troops were in reserve at this point. They were Sikhs and Gurkhas, who had been straining on the leash for weeks. These gallant troops now had their first opportunity of taking a hand in the fighting. They fixed bayonets and swept towards the Germans, who were utterly unable to withstand them, and were thrown back with heavy slaughter, considerably to the rear of their original position. It was a brilliant feat of arms, and it is easy to imagine the grim satisfaction, not only of the British soldiers' dusky comrades from the East, but of the British soldier himself, and especially of the British officers, whose lives have been devoted to teaching these splendid Indian fighting men "the way."

There Must Be No Respite.

The movement of troops from East to West shows that Germany is taking all the advantages belonging to a Power that finds itself fighting on interior lines. To check this as far as may be it is imperative that the Allies in France and in Russia should give her no moments of respite or inactivity. To borrow a nautical phrase, she must have no opportunity of leaving nucleus crews in one theatre of war, while she masses her main forces in the other. She must be kept fully extended on both flanks. We may be quite sure that Paris and Petrograd are fully alive to the importance of this consideration, and in respect of free communication the armies of the Allies in France and Russia are just as closely in touch as are the armies of Germany East and West.

The fact that troops have been brought back from Poland in order to reinforce the German attack on the Yser is probably due to political rather than military considerations. Certainly the position on the Vistula does not suggest that the enemy can spare any men in that quarter. Even the Berlin official messages speak of the retirement from Warsaw as a "retreat." The German left wing has been bent right back. Simultaneously the Russians have delivered a smashing blow at the tangent of the converging Austro-German forces. The whole line has been driven back a distance varying from thirty to seventy miles, and all reports the view that the enemy have sustained enormous losses in munitions and men.

Test of An Alliance.

Apart altogether from the purely military result of this great Russian success, sufficient attention has hardly been given to its consequences on what may be described as the human side. The test of an Alliance is not success, but adversity. That was the test which we experienced when the Allied Armies were falling back on Paris during the opening days of the war, and the manner in which both nations withstood the strain was eloquent at once of the justice of their cause, and the community of their interests. The Austro-Germans are now encountering this test themselves, and it will be surprising if it does not find Berlin and Vienna indulging in mutual recriminations.

In any case, the Russians have secured a very great moral advantage. The whole military system of Germany is built up on the use of overwhelming forces supported by big gun fire. The big battalions are now on the side of the Russians, and in respect of big guns Germany will very soon lose the early advantage she possessed. She has lost it already on her extreme right wing in the West, where her howitzers have proved no match for the naval guns with which we have been bombarding her from the sea.

More nonsense has probably been talked about the German big guns than anything else in this war, and during the past week Berlin has been doing her best to make our flesh creep by hints of the surprises she is preparing for us. These surprises are to be naval as well as military. From all one hears it might be supposed that the whole German Army was in process of rearming.

Navy's Waiting Game.

It is extremely doubtful whether the construction of the existing German battleships would permit of their carrying heavier guns than they possess already. In any case, their re-arming would necessitate their being taken out of action for a considerable period. The new German Dreadnoughts are, it is true, being equipped with 15-inch instead of 12-inch guns. But we also are building Dreadnoughts, and the guns on these Dreadnoughts will not be outranged.

In the meantime, pending these big guns of which we hear so much, the German warships show little disposition for "the great day" of a main action. They content themselves with submarine attacks, and with strewing the seas with mines. So far as the former are concerned, our ships have avoided the German submarine attacks delivered against them with conspicuous success. But the main fleets under Admiral Jellicoe are still constrained to pursue a more or less waiting game.

Return of Lord Fisher.

Everyone is asking now whether the return of Lord Fisher to the Admiralty will bring any changes in the naval strategy which has been hitherto pursued. The question implies no reflection whatever upon Prince Louis of Battenberg. It is merely based on the feeling that so masterful a personality as "Jacky Fisher" is bound to make his influence felt.

The opinion is universal that in nominating Lord Fisher as Prince Louis' successor, Mr Asquith has chosen as wisely as when he invited Lord Kitchener to take control at the War Office.

Lord Fisher commands the confidence, not only of the navy, but of the whole nation. To him more than to any other man we owe the creation of the great fleets which are now slowly strangling the industrial and economic life of Germany.

It was under the last of Nelson's captains that Lord Fisher served his apprenticeship in the navy. His ideas of war are based upon the traditions of Nelson's time, and some of his sayings when he attended the Hague Conference in 1899 rather scandalised some of the more pacific people assembled there to discuss how they could best secure the humanising of war. "The humanising of war!" Lord Fisher exclaimed; "you might as well talk of humanising hell!"

Words which Lord Fisher used on that occasion may well give the Germans something to think of now that he has taken over control at the Admiralty. He said exactly what he would do if he was in command when war broke out. These, he said, are the orders I should issue:—

"The essence of war is violence.
"Moderation in war is imbecility.
"Hit first, hit hard, and hit anywhere."

Some of us feel that we want some of that spirit in the North Sea just now.

A Story About "C. B."

Lord Fisher's appearance does not belie his character. A sturdy, thick-set, sailor-like man, the three R's with him mean "Ruthless, Relentless, Remorseless." With it all he has a kind heart and a pretty wit. When he wanted four Dreadnoughts, and the late Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman wanted to cut down the number to three, Lord Fisher defended his estimates by a homely illustration. He pointed out that they had one Dreadnought already. Dreadnoughts were like the legs of a chair. Therefore, they must have three more to keep it company. The then Prime Minister argued on this that three Dreadnoughts would be sufficient. "Not at all," objected Jack Fisher, "I want the fourth for the first leg of a second chair."

In some quarters the fear is expressed that so masterful a personality may experience some difficulty in working in double harness with a First Lord, like Mr Winston Churchill. Happily, Mr Churchill and Lord Fisher have always been excellent friends, and it was upon Lord Fisher's advice, more than upon that of anyone else, that Mr Churchill leaned when he first went to the Admiralty.

It so happens, too, that Lord Fisher is held in high favour in Russia—not an unimportant consideration at a moment when our Fleets in the North Sea are co-operating with the Russian Fleet in the Baltic.

When the King went to Reval, Fisher was the life and soul of the party. The late Mr W. T. Stead gave a vivid pen picture of the dance which was improvised after the State banquet when the band struck up the waltz of "The Merry Widow." The Grand Duchess Olga and Admiral Fisher danced with their hands behind their heads, with all the brilliant company standing round the dancers, until they were tired. Then "Jacky" went on deck, and by requests, which were commands, he brought down the house by dancing a hornpipe in approved nautical fashion.

GERMAN OUTCRY AGAINST

BRITISH "BRUTALITY."

CRITICISM OF KITCHENER'S RECRUITS.

Now that the authorities in Britain have finally decided in self-defence to keep German subjects in this country under supervision there is an outcry in the German press against "British injustice and brutality."

The Frankfurter Zeitung publishes an appeal for funds to relieve the distress of "Germans driven out of the enemy's country," in which the "expulsion of thousands of peaceable Germans out of the countries whose prosperity they have helped to promote with their industry" is described as "a hardship that laughs to scorn every international law."

It is obvious enough that while the Germans thought it just and right to seize every Britisher in their country, they consider it cruel of the British to prevent the Germans from continuing to occupy the very advantageous positions they had secured in Britain.

Why Germans Remain Here.

A notable article on the subject, which goes to prove how wise the British authorities have been to adopt stronger precautionary measures, appears in the Kolnische Zeitung for October 16.

The writer of this article returned to his own country from London on August 10, but as an opportunity to revisit the city where he had lived so many years offered itself, he took it, and was once more in London on September 22.

He states in the Kolnische Zeitung that he naturally did not show himself in daylight in the districts where he was known, so that he was able to make his observations unhindered.

He admits that very many Germans have stayed in London because they did not wish, for various reasons, to return to the Fatherland. Very many of them, he says, were not wanted in their own country, and hundreds of this class, he adds, are now dependent for their existence on the Poor Law Guardians. Many of the better class, he states, stayed behind purposely.

Kitchener's Recruits.

This observant German informs the readers of the Kolnische Zeitung that he has had abundant opportunity to study the recruits who are being trained in and near London, and gives the results of his studies. These are that Britain is sending to the war only "poor devils" who are good for nothing else, that the better classes prefer to celebrate victories in London, that the Territorial troops have improved so much that quite fifty per cent. of them are fit for the field, and that the number of the recruits who have responded to Lord Kitchener's appeal is greatly exaggerated by the British press

He heard from reliable sources that not half a million, but, at the most, 200,000 men have enlisted, and that quite half of these are youths of from sixteen to seventeen years of age, twenty-five per cent. of whom will not hold out at the front for four weeks.

BIG SUBMARINES ON THE STOCKS

IS GERMANY'S LATEST LIE TO CAUSE PANIC.

ALL ABOUT OUR ENEMY'S UNDER-WATER CRAFT.

(By Our Naval Expert.)

The Zeppelin bogey is beginning to lose favour in Germany. His wings have been cut. The public are beginning to find out that the stories of mammoth aerial fleets which will pound our naval fleet into fragments are most likely to be the result of the imaginative genius of the German.

So to increase the panic that the Huns believe to be existent in the country they are now spreading stories broadcast of mammoth submarines which are to transport invaders to our shores and thwart the work which Jellicoe and his men are doing before Germany's front door in the North Sea.

Experts who have studied the trend of events in Germany are agreed that the enemy will endeavour to perfect and add to her submarine fleet, but the most recent announcement she has made about it is not likely to have the result she is anticipating.

Granted that mammoth submarines have been constructed, it has to be borne in mind that the work of controlling a submarine can only be tackled by the expert, and there are so few of them among the officers of the enemy's fleet that there is the danger that the costly vessels, if they exist, would be so much scrap iron.

Britain's Strength in Submarines.

The German official reports give the credit of sinking the Hawke and the other British vessels to the same commander, and others which have sailed out of the harbour at Keil have met with disaster.

This goes far to prove that it is the man and not the boat on which the issue depends, and that unless Germany can command supermen to work her super-submarines she may as well keep them where they are said to be undergoing their tests previous to the submarine sail to our coasts.

These are that Britain is sending to the war only "poor devils" who are good for nothing else, that trary, only discovered the value of the submarine after the commencement of hostilities.

In this respect Great Britain had her beaten hollow, as, long before Sir Percy Scott made his memorable statement that the new underwater craft would revolutionise naval warfare, the experts of the Admiralty had made a careful study of the question.

Our own submarine fleet had reached a height of efficiency which the man in the street had not dreamt of, and proof of this is found in the fact that three hours after the declaration of war it was hard at work in German waters.

A Divided Camp.

The fact that Germany was lacking in submarines was due probably to the two men who have had charge of the German High Seas Fleet.

Admiral Von Tirpitz has been all for destroyers, while Admiral Fredrich Von Ingenohl has always pinned his faith in cruisers.

The Chief of the German Navy made his name in the torpedo branch of the service, and was mainly responsible for the organisation of the tactical use of torpedoes in the German Navy, being afterwards appointed Inspector and Flotilla Chief of the Flotillas.

Admiral Ingenohl has all along specialised in cruiser tactics, and it was probably due to his influence that Von Tirpitz, when he became Secretary of State in 1898, added so many of these vessels to the battle fleet and the fleet for foreign service. His call for cruisers was engendered by his belief in the system of tactics known in Germany as "going for the enemy hammer and tongs."

This, however, he has not so far been allowed to carry out owing to Von Tirpitz's favour for "mosquito warfare."

The latter method can best be followed by means of the submarine, and as evidence that Von Tirpitz could only have seen his mistake after Jellicoe banged his own door in his face, one has only to remember that at the beginning of the war Germany had only twenty-three submarines in her fleet, and fifteen on the stocks.

The latter may be nearing completion, and it is not at all improbable that one or more might be brought in sections to the coast and smuggled into the North Sea, but that they are of a different type to those already commissioned is doubtful, for the simple reason that Germany has yet to discover the full secret of submarine success.

Spies at Naval Bases.

Her spies have been at work in every naval base for years, but they have never been able to do much good so far as our under-water craft are concerned.

We are in possession of priceless secrets which we keep carefully hidden below the decks of our vessels, and as every man on board a British submarine has been tried and tested before being allowed to enter the new branch it is impossibe for the German system of espionage to grapple with the problem of getting the needful plans for the construction of their latest craft.

No foreigner has ever been below deck of a British submarine of the latest type, and very few, if any, of our own countrymen not in the naval service.

The German submarines which have been engaged in mosquito work in the North Sea belong to the U class.

The U 1-2 are the earliest types, and they displace about 150 to 200 tons. The speed above water does not exceed nine knots, and they only carry two torpedo tubes. They have eleven men below decks.

In advance of these are the boats of the second German type. They carry three tubes, have fourteen of a crew, and can make from eight to twelve knots under water. Next come the boats of 400 tons, which run on the surface at about fifteen knots, and carry seventeen officers and men, with four tubes.

Germany's Latest Submarines.

We now come to the deadlier vessels, which are the U 21-26. These boats are armed with four torpedo tubes, and also two small quick-firing guns. Their crew consists of twenty-two men, and they can skim the surface at eighteen knots.

The latest type displace 900 tons. Their surface speed is eighteen knots on the water and about twelve underneath. Thirty of a crew man them, and they carry four tubes and two quick-firers on high-angle mountings. The question we have now to consider, however, is what the whole submarine fleet could do if it came out, and the answer is that it could only chance its arm.

It matters not how many tubes a submerged submarine has so long as the man who looks at the picture thrown by the periscope is not a man of exceptional training. Just as very few people can take a snapshot, very few can send the torpedo with unerring aim, and more costly ammunition is likely to be wasted in the new German submarine fleet than hits recorded.

Again, one has to remember that a hostile submarine fleet would inevitably run up against a British submarine or two, and that certain things would be sure to happen. A mammoth submarine travelling with her periscope showing would make a track visible to the aerial craft of our fleet, and if our submarines could not tackle her in any other way they would ram her rather than allow her to land her cargo on our shores.

Invasion by submarine the more one thinks of it is about as foolish a yarn as has been sold to the marines for many a long day, and if Germany had one, to say the least of it, I incline to the firm opinion that she would not shoot her news over the North Sea. She would keep her secret, build a few more mammoth submarines, and keep them for the protection of the transports she has been boasting she will send when the time is ripe.

I do not believe in the story of these transports, less in that of the mammoth submarines, and if I did it would be all the same. We are ready for invasion whether that come by air or sea.

Our navy is wide awake, and the eyes of our men ashore are sleepless. There is no need for panic.

TRICK TO SELL SHIPS.

AMERICAN COURTS MAY BE USED

TO GET RID OF IDLE LINERS.

The North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-Amerika steamship companies, with the approval of the German Government, are trying to resort to a characteristic trick to rid themselves of the heavy expense of having vessels interned in New York, and to avod the consequences of a war.

These ships are not only valueless at the present time, but they are a continual drain upon the German resources, and their sale would not only cut off this expenditure, but also place Germany in the possession of a large amount of ready cash, which she urgently needs.

The weakness of Germany's financial position is evidenced by the heavy fall in the mark exchange, and the extreme difficulty in arranging credits in America. Now that Germany is buying cotton and endeavouring to purchase other supplies, it becomes more important than ever for her to have money to meet her engagements.

Making Use of the Courts.

The German scheme is to force a sale of the ships through Court proceedings. Two of the most valuable vessels of the fleet are now under legal proceedings—the Kronprinzessin Cecilie for failure to deliver a consignment of gold for a New York bankinghouse to a British port, and the Vaterland to satisfy the debt of a London firm. The German companies can either admit their indebtedness and pay on the judgment which may be obtained against them, or they can make no defence, and in that case the ships would be sold under order of the Court to the highest bidder, and the judgments be paid out of proceeds.

It is understood that it is the latter course which the Germans contemplate. The German vessels cannot be sold as an ordinary transaction because both the British and French Governments have made it known that they would not recognise the sale as valid as being contrary to Article 56 of the Declaration of London, which prohibits the sale of a vessel after the outbreak of hostilities when that sale is made to escape the consequences of war.

Plan to Create Friction.

It is the same disreputable trick that has often been resorted to by dishonest bankrupts to swindle their creditors. If the vessels are sold to Americans, the Germans argue, the American Government must protect the rights of its nation. The money having been paid, it is of no concern to Germany what happens to the ships, and the transaction offers renewed hope of friction arising between the United States and Great Britain.

Germany has been unable to sell any of the ships interned because Americans who had given some thought to their purchase first asked the opinion of the State Department as to their legal rights, and were informed by the Department that it could not promise that the vessels would be immune from capture. Under the circumstances no attempt has been made to buy these vessels, as it would be too risky a transaction.

DISHEARTENED HUNGARIANS.

Hungarian soldiers retreating from the Servian frontier looking very disheartened.

N.I.

DEATH SENTENCE PASSED,

And Execution Ordered to be Stayed.

Nottingham, Saturday.

Annie Smith, twenty-three years of age, the wife of a stableman, was, at Notts Assizes to-day, sentenced to death for the murder of the illegitimate child, aged two and a half years, of her niece.

The evidence showed that the prisoner had continuously illused the child, and that on one cold morning she put the infant, clad only in its nightdress, outside the house, also striking it with a heavy brush and causing injuries which resulted fatally.

After Mr Justice Avory passed sentence of death a jury of matrons was empanelled and reported regarding prisoner's state of health. The Judge then directed the execution to be stayed until after the birth of the child.

His Lordship promised to lay the jury's recommendation to mercy before the proper authorities.

DISTRESS IN GERMANY.

Half a Million Trade Unionists Unemployed.

According to official statistics of the German trade unions, there are in Germany about 500,000 unemployed.

In nine of the largest cities, for every 100 situations there are from 160 to 200 applications. Then follow Berlin, Frankfurt-on-Maine, Breslau, Hanover, Dusseldorf, and Strassburg with from 200 to 300 demands for every 100 places; then Bremen and Hamburg with 350, Leipzig with 500, and finally Dresden, with even 629 seekers for every 100 places.

SPY TRIAL SENSATION

SUSPECT ARRESTED IN COURT.

GERMAN NAVAL LIEUTENANT'S SCOTTISH VISIT

The hearing of charges of war treason against Carl Hans Lody, alias Charles A. Inglis, by a general Court-Martial, presided over by Lord Cheylesmore, was resumed at London yesterday.

A clerk in the Post Office gave evidence regarding a letter dated Sept. 5, with an Edinburgh postmark, containing a sealed enclosure to Berlin.

The witness said the letter referred to the alleged passing through Scotland of Russian troops, and to the position on the North Sea. The letters were signed "Lody."

Prisoner's Admissions.

Prisoner, in the witness-box, admitted he was a German subject born, and a senior lieutenant in the German Naval Reserve. He was not considered fit for any active service. Latterly he had been connected with the mercantile marine, and had served on English vessels among others. He served in the German Navy one year, and then went into the reserve. Two years ago he married an American lady of German descent in the United States. Later he dissolved his marriage and returned to Germany. He served on the Meteor this summer. In connection with the dissolution of his marriage he received ten thousand dollars from his father-in-law. He had an income of £400 or £500 from the Hamburg-Amerika Line. He was in Berlin last July. He was in the German Navy list, and reported himself, but asked not to be sent on active service.

Accused in Tears.

Prisoner, proceeding to narrate the happenings in Berlin, said—"A proposition was put before me by a certain person."

Counsel—Are you willing to give the Court the name of the person?

For a moment the prisoner hesitated, and then, in a voice broken with emotion, he said—"I have pledged my word of honour not to give that name. I cannot do it. Although names are discovered in my documents, I certainly feel I have not broken my word. I have given my word of honour," he sobbed.

Recovering himself, prisoner claimed the pardon of the Court, adding that, after his month of confinement, his nerves had given way.

Counsel—Did you have certain interviews with this person?—Yes. The first of these interviews was in the month of August of this year.

A Superior Naval Officer.

Counsel—Although you have told the Court that you are unwilling to give the name of that person are you willing to tell the position in life that the person occupied?

Again the prisoner hesitated, but he answered quietly to the effect that the person was a superior naval officer.

Counsel—How did you come to have the first interview with him?—Because I think he must have heard that I wanted to go away. I was summoned to see him.

How many interviews had you with him before you left Berlin?—I think three or four.

Nothing to Do With Stammer.

The name Stammer appears in the case. To your knowledge had you ever seen the man?—I saw a gentleman passing the office where I called one day, and I knew it was Mr Stammer, because I heard another person addressing him, but I had nothing to do with him.

Are you willing to tell the Court the purport of what took place at those interviews with your superior officers?—I am willing to tell the Court, and I am willing not to conceal anything, but if I may put the request I should like it not to be in public, as I shall certainly refer to very essential and important affairs.

To Send Word of British Fleet Losses.

Counsel suggested that these matters need not be gone into at that point, and asked the witness a question as to his having received instructions. Are you willing to tell the Court what the principal instruction was that you received?—Yes, I am willing. The first was to choose my way to England on the way to New York, and to give notice of my safe arrival in England, and to remain until the first naval encounter had taken place between the two Powers, and send information as regards the actual losses of the British Fleet, and then I was at liberty to proceed to New York. I received other instructions, telling me to observe what was going on with regard to the movements here in England, especially in regard to the movements of the fleet as much as I could see, but I was warned not to go and spy round, but to see as much as every traveller could see.

Counsel—What attitude did you adopt in regard to those suggestions?

Prisoner—When it was put before me I must admit I felt very uneasy.

Not Fit for Job.

Prisoner at this point again appeared to break down, and spoke with considerable difficulty—"I felt," he said, "that I was not a fit man for a job of that kind, because I am so well known to so many people, and I was so well accustomed to be called by my own name that I felt that I would make a blunder with the first man I met."

Counsel—Did you point that out at all?—Yes.

I did.

Was anything said to you in regard to bringing any pressure upon you to undertake this duty?—There was no pressure in the sense of the word, but there is certainly an understanding if they make a suggestion you feel obliged to obey. I have never been a coward in my life, and I certainly won't be a shirker.

ARREST OF SUSPECT.

At this stage of the examination it was considered desirable to clear the Court. As the public were leaving the Court a young man of foreign appearance was arrested, and was removed under escort of guards with fixed bayonets to Wellington Barracks.

It was stated that the man's behaviour aroused suspicion. A well-dressed men, he appears to have obtained admission to the Court both on Friday and to-day, and at one time was sitting in a prominent position near Lord Mersey, who attended as a visitor, but it is also stated that he attempted to shake hands with Lody on being removed from Court.

As far as can be ascertained, the man obtained entrance to the Court by showing some naval papers, but, unfortunately for him, an official from the Admiralty, who was present to-day, was able to inform the police of the character of these papers.

After being questioned by the police in Court the man was removed under an escort with fixed bayonets, and taken by a motor door to the waiting Red Cross van which had been hurriedly requisitioned. He was then conveyed to Wellington Barracks and placed under arrest.

How Trial Stands.

The suspect, who had attracted some attention earlier in the day, was seized when he attempted to remain in Court after the public and the press had been excluded.

His position in Court might have been such as to disarm suspicion, because he contrived to obtain a seat in the benches which had been reserved for military officers and distinguished visitors.

On being removed from the Court he was searched, and later he was brought back again and questioned upon his presence in the Court and his behaviour.

The trial was adjourned until Monday.

CHEERING ON THE PACK.

An officer writes:—We'd a topping good scrap, and had 'em out with the bayonet at dusk. Unfortunately they left before we could stick 'em, but it was a jolly good show. We charged for 250 yards, and I was blown to the world—also I used all the hound language I could lay tongue to in cheering on the pack. The men were first class, and it has done them good. Am very fit, and things go well, I believe.

SURPRISE FOR PRISONERS.

CANNOT UNDERSTAND BEING TAKEN TO LONDON.

BRITISH WOUNDED AND THE GERMANS.

(By Our Special Commissioner.)

"This war is creating heroes, scores of them, every day, and many of them will never receive any further reward than the knowledge that they merely did their duty."

A wounded soldier, belonging to a Scottish regiment, at present lying in Stobhill Hospital, Glasgow, made this quiet observance to me as I sat by his bedside and listened to his story of how he was bowled over by a splinter of German shrapnel. There is no experience more calculated to bring the dread results of war close to our own doors than to chat with those quiet victims of war's ravages.

I sat down beside a corporal of the Second Manchester Regiment, who was bearing his wounds with a stoical cheerfulness. Four German bullets laid him low, two in each leg, but this bright-eyed Lancastrian made no murmur of complaint. He, along with many others, has just been received into Stobhill, and he sustained his wounds in the fierce fighting which is still proceeding in the La Basse region.

"By Jove, and we were lucky," he remarked with a far-away look in his grey eyes.

"Lucky?" I echoed in surprise at the contemplation of this plucky soldier using such a phrase when riddled with bullets.

Lucky Fag Box.

"Yes, lucky," he replied. "Look at this cigarette box." I took the cigarette box in my hand, and noticed there were a number of dents in it.

"Two other German bullets might have pipped me if they hadn't been deflected off my body by that box," he remarked quietly, and I noticed that the spot where the bullets had struck was over the words, "Smoked by Royalty." I rather fancy the Manchester corporal will retain this interesting souvenir of the great war. But let the corporal tell his own story.

"We were just retiring behind a bit of cover and thankful for it, when, by gum, we ran right in amongst a fresh lot of Germans. They were quite close to us, and they came at us in droves. Before we could get ready to pop at them the Germans sent a hail of lead amongst us with their machine guns. Oh, that was a hot time, and no error.

"When I was pipped in the leg I fell flat, and while in that position I got other three chunks of lead poured into my poor body, and I wondered if I was to be made a human riddle. Whew! That was a corker of a scrap, but our fellows didn't funk. Our officer was killed, and the sergeant wounded, and we all thought we had been taken in and done for.

No Shortage of Ammunition.

"You hear a lot about the Germans being short of food and ammunition, but, by gum, they keep on firing all right. It's all nonsense that the enemy are not well fed and are short of ammunition.

The corporal was one of a small party of twelve at a certain point when they were hard pressed by the Germans, and out of that dozen eight were shot, while in another engagement lasting a little over an hour over a hundred casualties were sustained.

"If our shrapnel has anything like the same deadly effect as the Germans', then all I say is Germany is already a nation of mourners. What destruction these shells work, but then, it's war we're at, not for hunting."

A cheery chap despite his fearful wounds is this Lancashire corporal, but he became grave as we discussed the future. "We need more men, how many more I cannot say, but Lord Kitchener knows, and they must be forthcoming if the great German menace is to be smashed. The Germans have ever so many men yet, and it's up to the young fellows of the Empire to take their little part in this war if we're not to be sent down and out."

In the same ward I had a chat with Private Sefton, of the H.L.I., who belongs to Coatbridge. Private Sefton was bowled over at Ypres by a piece of shrapnel shell.

The Kaiser a God.

Quite a number of German prisoners have come under the eye of the Coatbridge soldier, and he was impressed by the blind, unshakeable faith of the German soldiers in the ultimate victory for the Fatherland. "They worship the Kaiser like a god, and even when the Germans are captives any slighting reference to the Kaiser by our men has the effect of rousing the Germans to frenzy."

With all their patriotism, however, there seems to be a truly appalling ignorance among the German rank and file as to the actual state of matters at the front. Private Selton told me of one group of arrested Teutons who could speak the English language. On being informed that they were to be taken to Britain to be interned, the captives exclaimed in astonishment, "But you can't do that; London's in flames, and the German Army is in command of the country."

What a rude awakening some of these Germans will get one of these days!

Private Sefton speaks in high terms of the gallantry of the Scots Greys and the Lancers. These arms of the service, said the Coatbridge soldier, had never yet really got a proper chance of showing what they could do in a genuine British charge owing to the broken nature of the country, but they had already shown their quality in sufficient degree to strike terror into the hearts of the Germans.

"Some of the prisoners we captured were very inexperienced men and youths, and a few of them admitted having only been three days at drill before being dispatched to the fighting line, while others declared that they had been drilled for longer periods up to nine weeks."

FREE SUPPLEMENT.

- THE -

BATTLE RECITER.

All the best War Poems that have ever been written are to be found in this Splendid Supplement. Here are just a few of the Famous Poems that have been especially compiled for the Battle Reciter.

The Pride of Battery B.
The Dandy Fifth.
Somebody's Darling.
The Old Grenadier's Story.
The Last Shot.
The Road to the Trenches.
British Freedom.
Dying Gladiator.
The Indian's Defiance.
The Pipes at Lucknow.
The Burial of Sir John Moore.
The Bugle Song.
The Dying Chief.
Night Before Waterloo.
How the Good News Was Brought From Ghent.
The Roll-Call.
The Siege of Harfleur.
The Death of the Duke.
The Recruiting Sergeant.
The Battle.
The Red Hand of O'Neill.
Round the Bivouac Fire.
The Irishwoman's Letter.
Charge of the Light Brigade.
The Soldier's Dream.
And Many Others.

Presented with Every Copy of Next Thursday's

WEEKLY WELCOME

OUT ON THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5.
PRICE ONE PENNY.

Another Splendid Supplement of Battle Recitations the Following Week.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE SUNDAY POST SPECIAL.

● FORTS.
□ ARMY CORPS HEADQUARTERS.

THE ROAD TO BERLIN, Showing Fortifications.

EACH DOTTED CIRCLE REPRESENTS A RADIUS OF 50 MILES WITH BERLIN AS CENTRE.

NORTH SEA
BALTIC SEA
Jutland
DENMARK
COPENHAGEN
Zealand
Funen
Bornholm
Rügen
Heligoland
HOLLAND
AMSTERDAM
ROTTERDAM
THE HAGUE
UTRECHT
ARNHEM
BELGIUM
BRUSSELS
ANTWERP
GHENT
LIEGE
NAMUR
LILLE
COLOGNE
AIX-LA-CHAPELLE
COBLENZ
FRANKFORT
PARIS
REIMS
METZ
STRASSBURG
HAMBURG
BREMEN
HANOVER
BERLIN
MAGDEBURG
LEIPZIG
DRESDEN
CHEMNITZ
STETTIN
DANZIG
KÖNIGSBERG
BRESLAU
POSEN
WARSAW
PRAGUE
MUNICH
NUREMBERG
STUTTGART
VIENNA
BUDA-PEST
CRACOW
Tyrol
Libau
Memel
Tilsit
Lomza
Bialystock
Brest
Lublin
Ivangorod
Radomi
Lodz
Petrikau
Kalisz
Thorn
Graudenz
Marienburg
Elbing
Allenstein
Goldap
Pillau
Gulf of Danzig
Rixhoft
Stolpmünde
Rügenwalde
Stolp
Lauenburg
Neustettin
Konitz
Schneidemühl
Kreuz
Bromberg
Culm
Strasburg
Mlava
Ostrolenka
Ostrow
Pultusk
Novo Georgievsk
Modlin
Sedlez
Skierniewice
Kutno
Tomaschew
Petrikau
Radomsk
Kalisch
Lissa
Glogau
Sagan
Sorau
Guben
Cottbus
Frankfort
Landsberg
Küstrin
Gnesen
Wreschen
Mogilno
Inowrazlaw
Thorn
Briesen
Graudenz
Strasburg
Soldau
Neidenburg
Ortelsburg
Lyck
Johannisburg
Sensburg
Rastenburg
Widminnen
Angerburg
Insterburg
Gumbinnen
Goldap
Eydtkuhnen
Wirballen
Kowno
Tilsit
Ragnit
Memel
Polangen
Libau
Mitau
Schaulen
Telshi
Moschenki
Autz
Bauske
Ponemunk
Vilkomir
Kovno
Grodno
Sokolka
Goniands
Augustovo
Subalki
Kalvarya
Olita
Lyck
Prostken
Grajewo
Lomza
Mlava
Ostrolenka
Ostrow
Pultusk
Novo Minsk
Georgievsk
Modlin
Praga
Sedlez
Biala
Lukow
Garvolin
Ivangorod
Vlodava
Kholm
Lublin
Krasnystav
Hrubeszow
Tomaszow
Zamosc
Bilgoray
Kelzs
Opatow
Sandomierz
Staszow
Sobow
Stopnika
Sendjischew
Dembica
Tarnow
Jaroslau
Przemysl
Sambor
Sadowa
Chyrow
Skole
Lunkow
Radvany
Nagy Berezna
Ungvar
Munkacz
Szolyva
Kiralyhaza
Nyiregyhaza
Szalka
Tokay
Gyongyos
Gyoma
Szolnok
Szegled
Csaba
Arad
Temesvar
Orsova
Mehadia
Lugos
Karansebes
Versecz
Pancsova
Semlin
Belgrade
Peterwardein
Essek
Mohacs
Fünfkirchen
Stuhlweissenburg
Raab
Komorn
Gran
Waitzen
Neusohl
Kremnitz
Schemnitz
Deutsch Brod
Iglau
Brünn
Olmütz
Prerau
Hullein
Austerlitz
Znaim
Budweis
Linz
Passau
Landshut
Ingolstadt
Regensburg
Amberg
Bayreuth
Bamberg
Würzburg
Aschaffenburg
Darmstadt
Mannheim
Heidelberg
Carlsruhe
Heilbronn
Ulm
Augsburg
Munich
Innsbruck
Salzburg
Linz
Vienna
Prague
Pilsen
Carlsbad
Marienbad
Eger
Leipzig
Dresden
Chemnitz
Zwickau
Plauen
Hof
Coburg
Meiningen
Gotha
Erfurt
Weimar
Jena
Halle
Magdeburg
Brunswick
Hanover
Minden
Osnabrück
Münster
Bielefeld
Dortmund
Essen
Düsseldorf
Elberfeld
Aix-la-Chapelle
Liège
Namur
Charleroi
Mons
Valenciennes
Douai
Arras
Lille
Amiens
Abbeville
Boulogne
Calais
Dunkirk
Ostend
Bruges
Ghent
Antwerp
Malines
Brussels
Louvain
Tournai
Maubeuge
Hirson
Laon
Soissons
Compiègne
Beauvais
Paris
Meaux
Rheims
Epernay
Châlons
Bar le Duc
Verdun
Metz
Thionville
Nancy
Toul
Epinal
Belfort
Mulhouse
Colmar
Strassburg
Saarbrücken
Saarlouis
Trier
Coblenz
Cologne
Aix-la-Chapelle
Crefeld
Rheydt
Venlo
Roermond
Maastricht
Hasselt
Tirlemont
Namur
Dinant
Givet
Mézières
Sedan
Montmédy
Longuyon
Briey
Pont-à-Mousson
Toul
Neufchâteau
Langres
Chaumont
Troyes
Sens
Montargis
Auxerre
Nevers
Bourges
Vierzon
Orleans
Tours
Blois
Amboise
Le Mans
Alençon
Caen
Bayeux
Cherbourg
Granville
St Malo
Dinan
Brest
Quimper
Lorient
Vannes
Nantes
St Nazaire
La Rochelle
Rochefort
Angoulême
Limoges
Périgueux
Bordeaux
Agen
Montauban
Toulouse
Carcassonne
Narbonne
Perpignan
Montpellier
Nîmes
Arles
Marseilles
Toulon
Nice
Cannes
Grasse
Draguignan
Fréjus
Aix
Avignon
Orange
Valence
Grenoble
Chambéry
Annecy
Geneva
Lausanne
Berne
Basel
Zurich
Constance
Schaffhausen
Winterthur
St Gallen
Chur
Davos
Landeck
Innsbruck
Kufstein
Salzburg
Linz
Steyr
Amstetten
Vienna
Wiener Neustadt
Graz
Leoben
Judenburg
Klagenfurt
Villach
Lienz
Brixen
Bozen
Trient
Riva
Arco
Rovereto
Verona
Peschiera
Mantua
Legnago
Rovigo
Padua
Venice
Treviso
Udine
Cividale
Gorizia
Trieste
Fiume
Agram
Karlstadt
Sissek
Brod
Semlin
Belgrade
Nish
Sofia
Philippopel
Adrianople
Constantinople
Gallipoli
Dardanelles
Smyrna
Ephesus
Rhodes
Crete
Malta
Gibraltar
Algeciras
Tarifa
Cadiz
Seville
Cordova
Granada
Malaga
Almeria
Cartagena
Murcia
Alicante
Valencia
Tortosa
Barcelona
Gerona
Figueras
Port Bou
Perpignan
Bayonne
Biarritz
St Jean de Luz
Irun
San Sebastian
Bilbao
Santander
Oviedo
Gijon
Coruña
Vigo
Oporto
Lisbon
Badajoz
Elvas
Portalegre
Abrantes
Santarem
Coimbra
Aveiro
Figueira
Viseu
Guarda
Ciudad Rodrigo
Salamanca
Zamora
Valladolid
Palencia
Burgos
Miranda
Vitoria
Pamplona
Tudela
Saragossa
Huesca
Lerida
Tarragona
Reus
Tortosa
Castellon
Valencia
Albacete
Ciudad Real
Toledo
Madrid
Guadalajara
Alcala
Aranjuez
Talavera
Merida
Seville
Cordova
Jaen

LATEST FROM LONDON.

PUSHING THE ENEMY BACK.

GRAND WORK BY HIGHLAND REGIMENTS.

WAITING FOR TIDINGS OF LOST ONES.

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

London, Saturday Midnight.

A long experience of London and the London crowd has taught me to look upon the Metropolis in the same manner as the ancients looked upon their oracles, and judging from the sights I have seen to-day things are going well at the front.

The thoroughfares have been, and still are, crowded with British soldiers, sailors, and marines, some up to do the sights, others on their way home on furlough.

Reading between the lines I should say that this means everything is satisfactory in France and Belgium. Holiday-making would otherwise be out of the question.

This conclusion is borne out to some extent by a letter which reached me from one of the staff of the London office, who was among the first to answer the call of duty.

Crossing with the early Expeditionary Force, he has been under raking shrapnel fire on several occasions, and now he writes to tell me that he has had a narrow escape from a German Taube. He was sitting in a certain building, which he imagined to be safe, when the Taube aimed at his temporary quarters with a bomb, missed it by a few yards, killed a poor child, and injured two women and an old man.

Good Work by Scottish Regiments.

My colleague pays a grand tribute to the work which is being done in his part of the country by our soldiers. "We have been pushing the Germans along a bit lately," he writes, "and have seen much of their dirty work in the villages and towns. In one village our infantry—the Warwicks and Dublin Fusiliers—cleared things at the point of the bayonet. The lads revel in the charge. Of course, sticking in the trench must be awful feeding up to them, and when the time comes for the charge they want no second orders. As one of the Dublin Fusiliers said to me—'One might as well be shot running at them.' That's the spirit they all have.

"The Highlanders are just the same, and two regiments in the same corps as myself that have have done some grand work are the Seaforths and Camerons. A fine hefty lot are the Camerons. I rather fancy the French people thought at first that they were a show regiment with their kilts, but, by gum, they know better now. The London Scottish are out here. I saw some a few days back, and there is no doubt that they will have their say in this matter."

Sufferings of Babies.

I suppose that to a certain extent the number of refugees in the Metropolis must bring home to you the awfulness of war. But the worst thing is to see the poor women and children. This morning at ten I saw a group of women and children crying, and learned on inquiry that the babies had had no milk for forty-eight hours. They had come a long way, and money would not buy it. Of course, there are relief committees, &c., but machinery will go wrong, you know. Well, after some time they did manage to get a pint between about ten youngsters, and I tell you I am very thankful to think mine are in England with a bit of blue sea and our navy between them and the Kaiser's hordes.

Hector Macdonald Again.

The most recent rumours is one which one cannot possibly ignore, as it is being issued broadcast in London, and in due course will form a topic for debate in Scotland. According to the fickle dame, the secret is out with regard to the amazing success of the Russian Army operating on the Eastern flank. General Sir Hector Macdonald has once more returned to the scene of hostilities, and in the guise of a Russian General is leading the soldiers of the Czar to Berlin. The story is as absurd as it is cruel to the relatives of the dead General, and the correspondents who are writing to the newspapers to ask if there is any truth in it might with a little reflection save themselves trouble and the cost of the postage. The rumour was current during the Russo-Japanese War, hundreds of people being under the belief that the name of General Kuroki, whose plan of campaign resembled somewhat that of the dead Scottish hero, was merely a cloak for the reappearance of Macdonald.

A Previous Denial.

Long after it was established to the satisfaction of most people that there was no truth in the romance, the theory that Sir Hector was alive was still held by some, and it was deemed necessary for his closest military friend to issue a statement that he had seen him silent in death in the capital of France.

The followers of Parnell held much the same belief regarding the burial of their hero, and only time will drive it from the minds of many of the younger patriots who still cling to it. One thing that must strike one forcibly is that were Sir Hector alive to-day he would not be fighting at the head of a Russian army while the men he led to battle on the bullet-swept fields of Egypt and South Africa were carving their way to glory.

Guarding the Country.

Martial law has not yet been proclaimed in Britain, but some of us who live in districts which have been mapped out as military bases are beginning to realise what it would be like should the unexpected happen. Arriving home late last night, I was surprised to receive the challenge of a sentry, who held his rifle in a position which was somewhat menacing to one's peace of mind. On satisfying him regarding my nocturnal habits, he was all apologies, but, notwithstanding the latter, I had the privilege of being escorted to my own door by the man with fixed bayonet.

His conversation on the way revealed the spirit which had compelled him to leave wife and family behind him in Lancashire, determined to do his duty for King and country, whether it was in the trenches of France and Belgium, or merely within the confines of the island which bred him. It has been said by visitors from France and Belgium that we in this country do not realise the seriousness of the present war. All I can say is that if this man is typical of the regiment in which he is serving, it will not be long before it is brought home to us, or to those who will oppose them when they cross the Channel.

What Retards Wounded Improving.

What is badly required at the present time is an organisation for the purpose of discovering the whereabouts of all the refugees and the wounded soldiers in England. At the hospitals I have talked with several men whose wounds are slow to heal, because of the melancholia into which they have been plunged by the loss of near and dear ones. One man, who sits silent and lonely the whole day, told me that he parted from his wife and child in Ghent after he was wounded, and thence he walked with a bullet in his leg from there to Bruges, and on to Ostend, where he got the boat for England. If some central bureau were established and the names and addresses of refugees were posted up this poor fellow, and hundreds like him, might be able to regain speedy convalescence.

Waiting For Tidings.

A pathetic fact I discovered was that the nurse who is attending this man is similarly situated. She told me that previous to the war her lover sustained blood poisoning, and the doctors in the hospital gave it as their opinion that there was no hope for him. In spite of their gloomy pronouncement, she decided to try to nurse him back to life, and bringing him successfully out of the jaws of death, they were about to be married when the war broke out. He was sent to the trenches at Liege, and hearing no news of him she decided to enrol herself as a Red Cross nurse, and go and search for him. The first woman in Belgium to put her name down on the list, she was sent to one of these hospitals in Antwerp, but the coming of the Germans forced her to fly to Ostend. Daily she waits at the door of the English Hospital when fresh cases arrive from the Continent, and daily she scans the columns of the papers in the hope of getting the tidings she craves, but daily in vain.

FIGHTING FOR BRITAIN'S HONOUR.

OFFICERS AND MEN ARE PROUD OF THEIR COUNTRY.

THRILLING STORIES OF EXPERIENCES ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

Private Cornelius O'Leary, of the 1st Dorset Regiment, who is in France wounded, writing to his wife at Reading, tells a thrilling story of bravery on the part of a small contingent of men in his company. He says:—

"We got badly peppered by the enemy, who were in great numbers at close quarters. There were not many of us to start with, and our numbers soon became decreased. After a lot of desperate fighting against tremendous odds there were but three of our men and a lance-corporal left of our section.

"We did our best to fight our way back, but were practically hemmed in. There was one outlet only, but that not a good one. This we made for. We got down to hedge near a canal. I spotted a German taking deliberate aim at me, but I was first, and he will never fire again.

"Then someone got me through the shoulder, and I rolled over. I had to drop my gun, as my right arm was useless. I got up to make a bolt for it, and had gone only 150 yards when the enemy sent a shell after us, and a bullet hit me in the head, driving the badge of my cap into my head, but this saved my life, as the wire eased the force of the bullet.

"With one exception my few gallant comrades, who would have preferred death to surrender, also got back all right."

CRUSHING OF GERMANY.

Sergt. D. Muddle writes from the front to his home in Sussex:—

"I am glad to hear of all the young men enlisting. We have a big task before us, but we believe God is on our side, and it is very encouraging to us out here to know that the people in Britain are backing us up so well. Many noble lives will have to be sacrificed yet before it is over, and the man who has so ruthlessly spilt a nation's blood and bruised their manhood with no just cause, except the satisfying of his devilish lust for war, will have to pay in the end.

"He has laid waste a beautiful country, and put sadness into the hearts of thousands of poor, harmless French and Belgian people. The unmistakable track of the Germans, with their wanton destruction and cruelty, makes your blood boil, and you feel that nothing is too bad for them.

"We want peace, but not before they are absolutely at the end of their tether. We want to crush them absolutely."

"ERIN GO BRAGH!"

Waving the Old Green Flag.

The following are extracts from a remarkable communication sent a short time ago to his relative in Carrick-on-Suir by Corporal Michael O'Mara, of the Irish Guards:—

"We are British soldiers, and proud of the name, and proud to belong to the great British Empire, but in doing our duty for the glory and honour of the Empire we have always also in our minds to add, if we can, more lustre to the fair name of Erin. Our flag of green, with the harp and shamrock and the words 'Erin Go Bragh,' is now faded and torn, but still loved and cherished.

"Talking about the dear old flag, I shall endeavour to describe how at C—, when the fate of the day seemed to waver in the balance, when the ruthless enemy, by sheer weight of numbers, was pressing onward at every point of vantage, the faded flag turned a threatened defeat into decisive victory. On our left were the Munsters, on our right the Leinsters and Connaught Rangers.

"All were hard pressed, and were about to retire, when suddenly from the firing line one of our comrades rushed out flourishing the old green flag, and shouting—'Erin Go Bragh!' With the blood coursing fast through my veins, I watched with pride and admiration the marvellous effect produced by these simple words.

"With a mighty cheer that seemed to rend the heavens, and that rose and swelled even above the din of battle, those hard-pressed sons of Erin charged down on the advancing enemy with fixed bayonets. The Germans were completely staggered by this unexpected turn of events when victory seemed just within their grasp, but they were given little time for hesitation, for, to slightly alter the words of a well-known Irish ballad—

> Like lions leaping at a fold,
> When mad with hunger's pang,
> Right up against the German lines
> Those Irish heroes sprang.

"The Germans turned and fled in all directions, completely routed and wholly disorganised. Such was the effect on the Irish Guards of the sight of their old green flag and the cry of 'Erin Go Bragh!'"

FOR THE HONOUR OF THE REGIMENT.

An officer who has been wounded writes home from France:—

We were supposed to be surrounded, but we weren't certain. The Colonel called all the officers up and told us we were in a very tight corner, but we were not to let the men know. He said that we should be lucky if we got out, and for the honour of the regiment and Britain to fight to the last man.

Well, I was told off with my men, fifty altogether, to watch all night. Nothing happened until quite late in the morning, about 7 a.m. Then I saw about a mile away, on the horizon, the Germans coming on in huge masses over a hill. At the same time their big guns opened fire with extraordinary good range. There we were under fire from these big guns for seven hours, without being entrenched, and we didn't lose a man. The shells fell as close as ten yards away at times, but God was with us.

We opened fire when they were about a thousand yards away, and that made them think a bit. They began to waver, and went back over the hill again. The shell fire went on as usual, only this time they were hitting us rather badly. We were shelled from all sides now, and you could see the men rolling over to get out of the way of huge lumps of shell, which came hurtling along the ground. We could not fire back as we could see no infantry anywhere, as was generally the case. They cannot stand our rifle fire.

Our guns had got hold of theirs by now, about 8.30 a.m., and there was a fearful row going on. I had orders to wait till 8.30 a.m., while the rest retired, and then come back myself. I waited till 8.45 a.m., and then collected my men, now only seventeen, and we went back without seeing their infantry again.

Just as we were crossing a road under some trees, shells fairly poured on us, and we were covered with earth, stones, and bits of trees. I was hit all over the body with various objects and knocked down, but got up again feeling a bit dazed, and we went on till we passed the next line of men, half a mile back. Then I was told that blood was coming out of my boot, and that was the first I knew of my wound.

GERMAN PRISONER IN DYING EFFORT

Spits Out Pill Given by French Doctor.

The following are extracts from a letter written by Mr H. B. Lees Smith, M.P., who has been on Government service in France:—

I have spent this morning among 800 recently captured German prisoners of war. They had all been wounded more or less severely. The most striking thing about these Germans was the good-humoured relations between them and the French soldiers. Everyone to whom I spoke told me that they were grateful for the kindness with which they were treated. Certainly no man could have been more kindly and even paternal than the large-hearted French officer and gentleman who had these captives in his keeping. I saw Germans running up to him, as if he were their father, to tell him that they had heard from their wives.

There are, however, exceptions to this picture of easygoing friendliness. Here is an incident which shows the lengths to which national hatred can go. There lay in a hospital I have visited several times a wounded German soldier. His injuries were so horrifying that I will not describe them. As soon as he was brought into the hospital a French doctor went to clean his wounds. The wounded man cursed, struck at the doctor, and refused to allow any Frenchman to touch him. One of the doctors happened to be an American, and when he had explained this to the German he was allowed to dress his wounds. Just before his death the French doctor gave him a pill to ease his pain. The German turned his head, saw from whom the pill had come, and, with a dying effort, spat it out of his mouth, and tried to bite the doctor's hand.

THE DAY OF RECKONING.

A FRENCH OFFICER'S LETTER.

The spirit aroused among the French troops by German savageries is illustrated in a letter written by a French officer to English friends at Reigate.

"Do not think I am forgetful of the many kindnesses you have extended to me, or that I cast your letters on one side to be answered at my leisure. No, my dear friends, my thoughts have been with you and your nation on many occasions when in a cold and damp trench I have tried to get sleep.

"To the British nation my own fair country holds a debt it will never be able to repay. To what have military greediness, ambition, and jealousy brought us? I cannot restrain myself when I think for one moment of the loss of thousands of innocent lives, of the misery and ruin which have been brought about by the madness of one man and his band of sycophants. My brain is in a whirl, and I shudder at what has happened in a few sad eventful weeks.

"As to your officers and men, I cannot express my admiration of their prowess, their steadiness, their humanity, and their fairness to their enemy. I have been in adjoining trenches with them, knee deep in slush, while a flood of rain and bullets beat down from overhead, but not a word of complaint.

"It was not far from my native village I first came in touch with them, and their conduct and bravery, I freely admit, gave us courage then and also on many other occasions.

"But what of the Huns? It is their despicable tricks of treachery, and their vile attitude toward innocent people which have kindled the devilry that is in us. I have had an opportunity of visiting Rheims, and have gazed with a sad heart upon the destruction. It was here I lost my dear sister and cousin, who, after living in a cellar for days, were killed by the fall of a wall. I cannot write of the scene; it was too heart-rending.

"The day of reckoning will come very soon, I feel sure, and God only knows what the penalty will be. I pray for the day we cross the frontier, and tread on the enemy's soil. Then I shall once more smile, for I know my compatriots will avenge the wrong done to their brothers and sisters and their country."

HUSSAR OFFICER'S BRAVE ACTION

The gallant conduct of Lieutenant F. E. Levita, 4th Hussars, who was killed in action, is referred to in a letter sent to Lieutenant Levita's mother by the officer at present commanding the regiment:—

"As commanding officer I would have written before had I known your address to tell you how grieved we all were to lose your boy, and to express to you our deepest sympathy. He, with Captain Gatacre, had been sent out on a dangerous reconnaissance, and they rode together straight up to a big monastery on the top of a hill, having had direct orders from the General to ascertain whether it was, or was not, held by the German troops.

The Germans let them get up quite close and then suddenly opened a hot fire at short range. The officers and the whole troop with them (about ten men) turned to gallop back under cover, when Gatacre was shot. Your boy pulled up at once and rode back to see if he could help him, but had only got a few yards when he too was shot. It was a gallant intention, and, had he survived, I should have recommended him for a decoration.

"A few hours later the monastery was captured, and the bodies of both Captain Gatacre and your boy were found where they had been shot. Both must have fallen dead. The Germans had stripped them of everything except their actual clothes."

A FUNNY LITTLE SHOW.

From a lieutenant in the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry (52d Regiment):—

The battle of the Aisne still continues. It is extraordinary. One can't realise one is in the biggest battle the world has ever seen and I sitting quietly writing to you. We have done our share in it, though, I think. We were in the Battle of the Marne, though I didn't know it. It was the first time I was under fire. It was a very funny little show, and only my platoon were in it. We were told to clear a bit of wood, and found Germans dodging about in it. They shot one of my poor fellows, but we accounted for five of them and cleared the wood. It only took about an hour, and that's all I saw of that great battle! It is odd how these tremendous battles take place and one doesn't know one is in them.

THE MEN ARE SPLENDID.

A captain writes home:—It was very exciting work taking the guns. We crept through a wood in single file and got on the left of the guns, and part of my company got a bit to the left and left rear, so we got them enfiladed and in reverse. Then we got shelled by another battery of theirs (Germans), and they also enfiladed my company with a machine gun.

However, we had done the damage by then, killed all their gunners and the horses they were trying to bring up to get the guns away with, and also the infantry escort of the guns. Seventy-five bodies (Germans) were found in and around the guns and gun trenches, so goodness knows how many wounded there were that got away. The men are simply splendid, and I am proud to command such a brave, fine lot of men—we are all very cheery, just make the best of things, and hope and pray for the best, and a speedy termination of the war.

TWICE ESCAPED FROM GERMANS.

ADVENTURES OF HEROIC BELGIAN OFFICER,

WHO COMPLETELY HOODWINKED THE ENEMY.

Mr G. W. Fanning.

Two escapes from German camps, where he has been detained as a prisoner, are part of the extraordinary record of a Belgian lieutenant (Mr George W. Fanning), who has just returned to Altrincham on a visit to friends after an adventurous time in Belgium and Holland.

He is a native of Brussels, and some years ago served in the Belgian Army, and attained the rank of sergeant.

After that Mr Fanning came over to England, and spent eighteen months in Altrincham. During that time he was in business with a well-known local firm.

When the war broke out, and his country was so wantonly attacked by the Germans, Mr Fanning at once volunteered for service, although he was exempt, and on account of his extensive knowledge of foreign languages, received his commission as a lieutenant, and was attached to the General Staff at Namur.

"On one occasion," he said, speaking of his adventures, "I was travelling by motor car when I fell into the hands of the Germans They locked me in a stable in a village filled with German troops, but fortunately it happened that one of my guards was a soldier of Alsace Lorraine. He got me a German uniform, and with him and another soldier I marched past the sentries and gave the password in German. When I was out of danger I jumped on a bicycle, which my soldier friend had provided, and rode back to my own staff

"My position when attached to the General Staff enabled me to read letters from German officers and soldiers, and these men boasted of the atrocities and cruelties for which they have been responsible in the field. The stories which have appeared in the newspapers are perfectly true. Women and girls have been ill-treated, and on one occasion a German officer was brought in for having fired under the protection of the Red Cross. He thought it was quite a natural thing to do, and protested indignantly when told that he was liable to be court-martialled. The Germans also conceal quick-firing guns beneath stretchers.

Again Taken Prisoner.

"After the fall of Antwerp I was taken prisoner at Swyndrecht, but they forgot to relieve me of my Browning revolver. They were not quite smart enough, and with that I regained my lib—y.

"After that I was interned in Holland. I reached Groningen, and there I posed as the private servant to a British naval officer. I lived with them for a time, but eventually an officer became suspicious, and I was told that until the end of the war I should be detained in a special camp for Belgian officers. But once more I eluded them. I sank my military uniform with stones in a stream, raised sufficient money for my railway fare, and got through to Rotterdam.

"There I showed my British insurance card and got across as a British subject.

"I travelled back to good old England on a Dutch boat, and that was held up for several hours at the Hook of Holland on account of mines.

"Whilst on the boat a fellow-passenger aroused my suspicions, and I was instrumental in securing his arrest, and it was ascertained later that he was a German spy.

"Germany must have had a very poor idea of the understanding every Belgian has of the word 'duty' when they so cowardly attacked my country. Yet they were surprised to find that so small a country was so big a nation.

"Germany have attacked my peaceful little country, but my compatriots will never submit to German domination.

"The Kaiser will never be able to be recognised as the King of the Belgians as long as King Albert is fighting at the head of his troops for the noble cause of liberty and independence."

SCARCITY OF KHAKI MAY BE GOT OVER

By Adopting Silk as Substitute.

The question of clothing our troops in silk was raised at a joint meeting of the British Silk Association and the Silk Club in Manchester.

It was introduced by Mr A. Mellor, of Ormrod Bros., silk spinners, of Brighouse, who dwelt upon the scarcity of dyes for khaki and referred to the rising prices of woollen and worsted samples of the cloth.

His firm, he said, had been making experiments, in conjunction with Messrs Greenwood, of Holmirth, in the use of tussah silk. The question had been often asked—"Why not use tussah silk in place of khaki?" The experiments had proved successful, and samples had been sent to the War Office and approved.

He remarked that his firm had offered to clothe a company of reserves in Brighouse, and it had been accepted; and they had had an order alresdy to clothe a battalion of the Yorkshire Regiment.

It was hoped that the War Office would take up the matter and thus provide an outlet for the silk industry, which was now in a state of depression. The new cloth had been registered, and was in the hands of certain merchants for sale.

Mr Warner, president of the Silk Association, said he would be pleased to bring the matter before the authorities. American manufacturers were now charging excessive prices for khaki, and if tussah could be used it would be of great value to the British silk industry.

It was stated that tussah cloth would cost at the rate of 3s 6d per suit more than ordinary khaki. But its breaking strain is nearly twice as great, and its long-wearing qualities would well compensate the War Office for the extra cost.

ECHOES OF THE WAR.

A large number of Chinese at Hong Kong have offered their services to the Empire.

In spite of the war, there are £626,000,000 in eleven of the joint-stock banks' deposit and current accounts.

The question of prohibiting women from entering public-houses is under consideration by the authorities.

Twenty-six men from the York Rowing Club have enlisted, and a number are working at the War Office.

There is still a steady response to the call to arms, from 800 to 1000 men being enrolled in the Metropolis daily.

The 1st Tyneside Scottish Battalion of 1100 men was completed in nine days, and a second battalion is now being raised.

The work of the Camberwell Public Library is now being done by eight girls, the men hitherto employed having gone to serve their country.

NAVAL DISCIPLINE.—It is the rule in the Royal Navy that no order is given which the officer who gave it is not himself ready to execute.

The Royal Sussex Regiment at the front have received from the Eastbourne Boy Scouts nine thousand cigarettes and two hundred ounces of tobacco.

The gutter-merchants in London are selling the Kaiser's Iron Crosses at a penny each, so that they are nearly as cheap in London as on the battlefield.

The pupils of the Russian cadet schools, where officers are trained, cannot keep their pupils. They run away to the front, not singly but in dozens.

The Sunday School children of St Peter's, Rochester, took with them, to Sunday's harvest festival, some thousands of cigarettes for the wounded in the hospitals at Chatham.

HAPPY AUSTRALIA.—At the annual meeting of the Melbourne Stock Exchange the chairman said that the war had caused less financial inconvenience in Australia than anywhere in the world.

THE KING SINGS IT.—One little incident at the patriotic concert at the Albert Hall seems to have escaped mention. King George joined heartily in the chorus of "It's a long way to Tipperary."

The pet and mascot of the Welsh Regiment is not nearly so dead as reported. Lieut.-Col. Morland says "he is very much alive, and has marched every mile with the regiment since it landed."

The itinerant vendor of a hair restorer boldly pleaded at Bow County Court that he was unable to pay his debts because since the war began people did not care whether they were bald or not.

TOO FEW MEN FOR THE WORK.—Both the Westminster City Council and contractors with work in Westminster are experiencing a shortage of labour, and find it hard to fill temporary vacancies.

A despatch from Berlin states that it is impossible to carry through the normal public school plan, as about 40,000 German school teachers are at the front, or about one-fifth of the entire number of teachers.

A halfpenny for a meal for five persons is the charge in Brussels. This has been rendered possible by the Ministers of Spain and the United States, who distributed bread and soup to hundreds of poor families.

REFUGEES ON THE LAND.—Farmers in Herefordshire are considering the question of inviting the co-operation of Belgian refugees in agricultural work in the county, where, it is claimed, there is a shortage of labour.

To Glasgow belongs the credit and distinction of having subscribed most among the provincial cities to the National Relief Fund. The city's latest contribution is a cheque for £75,000, bringing Glasgow's total to £182,000.

A Dutch commercial traveller, who arrived in London after passing through Belgium, states that middle aged German Landsturm troops drink less and behave better than the former contingents who have pervaded Belgium.

SENTIMENTS OF THE SIKHS.—An old Sikh officer who recently joined the fighting line was asked how he liked this campaign. He gravely replied—"All wars are good, the bigger the better, for then the victory is bigger."

The Association of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers has appealed to its members to lay aside one acre of next year's crop for the Patriotic Fund. It is calculated that 50,000 acres, averaging twelve bushels, will thus be set aside.

BOER RIFLES FOR RECRUITS.—Hampton-on-Thames Urban District Council has decided to offer to the Middlesex Reserve Battalion a number of rifles taken from the Boers in the South African War, which Lord Roberts presented to the village.

The war has taken away so many expert chauffeurs that in Kensington and Mayfair more women than men are now to be seen driving their cars. The motor schools are doing a thriving business in teaching ladies the mystery of the wheels.

Vienna hospitals are running short of chloroform; a dose for one patient now costs eight crowns. As a result the administration of this anæsthetic has been suppressed, and operations are being performed on the conscious or semi-conscious patients.

Despite the recent Order in Council the London and North-Western locomotive "Germanic" has changed its name to "Belgic," and the Great Western Railway locomotive "Knight of the Black Eagle" is in future to be known as "Knight of Liege."

The chief comforts despatched to the Germans in the eastern theatre of war are cigars, nightcaps, and sausages. They are feeling the hardships of the campaign very much, and to make matters worse the Russians captured a trainload of comforts the other day.

A gentleman who at the outbreak of the war was living at Metz, and was taken to Hanover, states that he witnessed Germans fill railway carriages with dummies made of straw and dressed in French uniforms to make believe they had captured numerous prisoners.

A Frenchwoman married to a Dutchman at Amsterdam in a few hours furnished a house, in which she accommodated twenty-five Belgian refugees. They were hastily supplied with hot soup, and toys were even found for the children, of whom one family alone had eight.

ROYAL SHIRTS AS HEIRLOOMS.—Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria visited the Red Cross hospital at Weasenham Hall, Norfolk, and gave to each wounded soldier a shirt made at Sandringham and marked inside the collar "A gift from Queen Alexandra." The men say they are too valuable to be worn, and should be kept as heirlooms.

PROPHECY COMES TRUE.—Quartermaster-Sergeant T. T. Moss, R.F.A., an old Duke of York's schoolboy, has been promoted to the rank of second-lieutenant. His wife and family live at Teddington. He has been engaged in the army opposing Von Kluck since the commencement of the war. His last words on leaving his wife were that he would return home from the war a lieutenant.

GIVEN UP TO WOUNDED.—Nearly all the delightful places in the South of France and in the neighbourhood of the Pyrenees are now looking after French wounded. Scores of choice spots, like Pau, among the beautiful mountains that divide France from Spain, and Nice, on the shores of the Mediterranean, are now the scene of convalescing fighters basking in the sun—and longing for the fighting line.

ADDITIONS TO THE NAVY.

HOW OUR FLEET HAS BEEN STRENGTHENED

SINCE THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR.

It is not a little surprising to contemplate the list of new ships which have been completed since the war opened.

In shipbuilding, and therefore in staying power, we are still supreme.

The nation has at its service not only the thousands of men ordinarily engaged in creating naval armaments for service under the British flag, but it has now working for it all the other skilled workmen who in peace conditions are engaged in creating ships of war for other countries.

Germany has no comparable resources. We know what ships she can be completing from the knowledge of the ships which were building when the war opened. It takes roughly three years to build a battleship, two years to complete a cruiser, and at least a year to construct a destroyer or submarine.

A Comparison.

Three years ago—that is, in 1911-12—Germany laid down four Dreadnoughts; we laid down five, raised to seven by the purchase of the two Turkish ships; two years ago Germany began two light cruisers, we began eight; one year ago we decided to build sixteen destroyers (raised to eighteen by the flotilla leaders purchased from Chili), and Germany put in hand twelve.

In August shipbuilding in Germany, owing to strikes and other causes, was in arrears, and her resources are limited. Our resources, on the other hand, are greater than those of any two Powers combined, and consequently the longer the delay the more we gain, particularly as we are now completing the 1912-13 programme, when we put in hand five Dreadnoughts—including the Malaya—to Germany's two.

Additions to Our Navy.

It is difficult to realise how considerable have been the additions to our fighting strength since the war opened. Hostilities began at a time when a large number of vessels were on the point of completion in this country, either for the British Navy or for other Powers. The result is that by a little extra effort it was possible to make very substantial additions to our fighting strength. It is not permissible to state the full extent of this movement.

On the other hand, a careful comparison of the August and October Navy Lists is permissible, because from these sources our enemies can for themselves calculate to what extent we have been able to strengthen the fleet.

The October Navy List was corrected down to September 15, and it shows that since the war began the following, among other vessels, have been commissioned for sea:—

Four battleships of the Dreadnought type—The Agincourt (of 27,500 tons), the Benbow (of 25,000 tons), the Emperor of India (of 25,000 tons), and the Erin (of 23,000 tons). These vessels embody all the latest offensive and defensive powers. They mount thirty 13.5 inch guns, throwing a 1400 lb. projectile; fourteen 12 inch guns, using an 850 lb. projectile; and sixty 6 inch guns, with a 100 lb. shell.

One battle cruiser of the Dreadnought type—The Tiger. This vessel, of 28,000 tons, carries eight 13 inch and twelve 6 inch guns, thus raising the aggregate number of new battleguns to fifty-two, with seventy-four 6 inch guns.

Four armoured cruisers—The Arethusa, Aurora, Galatea, and Undaunted. These vessels displace 3750 tons, have a speed of 28 knots, and each mounts two 6 inch and eight 4 inch guns.

Three armoured cruisers or monitors—Humber, Mersey, and Severn. These vessels were purchased from the Brazilian Government on the outbreak of war. They represent a type unique in the Royal Navy. Displacing 1256 tons, these gunboats can steam at 11½ knots. They are designed to operate in shallow water, and draw only 4½ feet at full load. The armament of each vessel consists of two 6 inch guns, two 4.7 howitzers, and four 3-pounders.

Two flotilla leaders—The Broke and Faulknor. These very big destroyers have a displacement of 1600 tons, a speed of 31 knots, and carry six 4 inch guns, in addition to three torpedo tubes.

Eight large destroyers.

THE FOE WITHIN THE GATE.

FOUNDATIONS OF TENNIS COURTS.

EXPERTS TO ASCERTAIN DEPTH.

The inquiry whether buildings owned or erected by Germans happen to possess heavy concrete roofs or floors continues.

Mr Walter Reynolds, who raised the question at the last meeting of the London County Council, states that they had found suspicious buildings to which they had thought it necessary to call the attention of the Government.

"We are still searching all over London for further evidences of Germany's ante-war preparations," he said, "and more information is reaching us daily. Enough has been discovered already to put the Council very much on the alert to the existence of dangerous structures from the military standpoint.

"For a long time past we have had our suspicions of some of the tennis courts, and we have been investigating this phase of the matter for the past two weeks. A good many of these courts are made with concrete foundations, and the proper steps are now being taken by experts to ascertain the depth. There are several London buildings in most commanding positions which have been owned by Germans, and, of course, we are particularly keen about these."

From Lassigny, which has recently been the scene of so much hard fighting, comes a remarkable story.

At some little distance from the town is a chateau which belonged to one of the attaches of a certain German Embassy.

At this chateau the favourite sport was, not golf, but lawn tennis. Tennis courts, in fact, were dotted all over the park—beautifully laid-out tennis courts, mark you, that would have compared favourably with those of the most exclusive and wealthy clubs in the land.

Now it so happened that one day, during the occupation of Lassigny by the French—for the town was taken and retaken several times—a party of officers had the curiosity to visit the chateau.

And a startling discovery they made, for it was found that the cement which formed the tennis courts was only the surface covering of so many reinforced concrete platforms destined for the support of heavy artillery.

GRAND FREE GIFT

SPLENDID COLOURED ALMANAC

SOUVENIR OF THE WAR

Containing Photos of Leading Celebrities in the War.

WEEKLY NEWS 1915 ALMANAC

SOUVENIR OF THE GREAT WAR.

The above is a reduced fac-simile of our beautifully-coloured almanac This handsome souvenir will be

Given Free

WITH THE

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

OF

The Weekly News.

Out on Monday first. **Order it Now!**

This great bumper number, amongst a host of other good things, contains nine complete stories. You can order it now from any newsagent. Price 1d.

DUBLIN AND OUR WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

N.I.

Dublin is receiving its full quota of wounded. All the hospitals in the city have plenty of cases. Our picture shows men being removed from the hospital ship, Oxfordshire, to hospital yesterday.

Trust Botha To Foil De Wet.

GERMAN gold and German promises—some of the latter not even on "scraps of paper"—have stirred up internecine strife in South Africa.

Our old enemy, Christian De Wet, has taken the field against his former comrade-in-arms, General Botha, and he hopes, doubtless, to strike a mortal blow at British supremacy in South Africa.

So far the main result of his revolt has been to weld the British and Dutch sections of the colony in a closer bond of union, and to give recruiting there a decided fillip.

To those who have studied South African politics within recent years, however, the rebellion of De Wet, Maritz, and others of like kidney comes as no great surprise.

It has been mainly owing to the tactful and bold leadership of General Botha that the South African Government have been able to keep the malcontents under. German intrigue in the colony is not of recent date, and none knows that better than General Botha himself, who has been for years bitterly attacked by the irreconciliable Dutch—not, fortunately, a large or important party.

If General Botha little imagined that one day he would be first Prime Minister of British South Africa, he, we can well believe, scarcely ever dreamed that he would be compelled to take up arms against his former colleague in the war 15 years ago. But with De Wet and his little ways Botha will be acquainted, and no one is more fitted to bring his machinations against Great Britain to nought.

Louis Botha, British Commander-in-Chief.

The Romance of Botha.

General Botha is the first British Prime Minister to take command of an army. Under his leadership our South African forces can well be trusted to put down De Wet and his mutineers. Botha is a soldier and tactician of the first order, as well as a statesman and administrator of remarkable ability.

His career is one of the most romantic of our time. Perhaps the fact that he was born on British soil caused him to appreciate the British spirit in a way that a typical Boer of the De Wet type could not do.

Greytown, in Natal, was the scene of his birth. Alongside the Boer tsal he acquired a knowledge of the English language, which enabled him to take broad and rational views of things. Later on he went north with his father and brothers to Maritzburg, where he lived under the wing of the British garrison, and early imbibed some admiration for British military ideas. There his English attained fluency.

This early association of young Botha with the foreign element at Maritzburg naturally deprived the boy of many of the traits of character which mark the typical Boer, and he learned to rate the Britisher at his true value, and to see in him whatever good points he possessed, as well as the bad. So when he became a member of the first Volksraad he developed strong Progressive tendencies, and his utterances were invariably characterised by common-sense, fair play, and a desire to be just towards the foreign settlers in Mr Kruger's country.

It was through the influence of Louis Botha that Paul Kruger granted such concessions as marked the ante-bellum negotiations. And in the final vote for or against the ultimatum to Great Britain, Louis Botha voted for peace, and strove hard to prevent the transmission of the message of war.

His Career on the Field.

But when the inevitable happened, Louis Botha naturally took his place by the side of his countrymen. He took the field as an ordinary junior officer. For months he was wasted on routine work, but once promotion began his rise was rapid. He was given, under Joubert, the double task of besieging Ladysmith and holding back Buller's relieving force. The new General showed his swiftness and energy at Colenso and Spion Kop.

But numbers were too much for him. Against the 13,000 men in Ladysmith, and the 20,000 under Buller, he could only put 12,000. He had to retreat, and his great rearguard defence was one of the finest episodes of the war. For six days and nights he fought the British off, sending appeal after appeal to Joubert for reinforcements.

At last he had to send the final message to his superior—"We can do no more. Withdrawn guns from Ladysmith." Even then Joubert did not come to his help, but marched off home, men as well as guns. Botha succeeded in taking his little force into safety, though his men were staggering and falling by the roadside for want of sleep, his own eyes being so bloodshot and swollen that he could not see to shoot.

Then he went after Joubert and accused him of betraying his countrymen. There was a terrific quarrel between the two Generals, but Botha was the strong man, and forced Joubert to resign. So Botha became Commander-in-Chief of the Boer Army.

What Kitchener Thinks of Botha.

It was with him that Lord Kitchener settled the terms of peace. Lord Kitchener has more than once expressed his admiration of Botha, and after the first meeting said—"That man's what I call a born gentleman."

Several meetings were needed before peace was made. Negotiations were broken off more than once, and De Wet was mainly responsible for the deadlock. After one fruitless interview Botha remarked—"Well, I really must go now."

"Oh, there's no hurry, is there?" Kitchener remarked pleasantly. "You haven't a train to catch, you know."

"But that's just what I have," Botha answered. "Good-bye!"

And the same evening Kitchener received news of a successful raid by Botha's men on an armoured train on the Delagoa line, close to the scene of the interview. Botha had caught that train!

When peace was finally arranged, Botha threw himself heartily into the task of cementing the two white races, and when all the South African Colonies became amalgamated into one he became Premier of United South Africa.

Botha is a broad-shouldered giant of well over six feet. He is scarcely fifty years of age. It was his energy and his genius for organisation that brought him to the front in war, and those qualities have served him well in statesmanship.

During the war Botha showed that he is as merciful as he is brave. One of his first acts on becoming Commander-in-Chief was to cashier one of his generals who had burnt a British town that had surrendered.

Botha has been known to tell a story of the difficulty he had after peace was made in persuading a small nephew that it was time to forget that the British had ever been enemies. He thought he had succeeded, but overheard one day the boy's answer to an English friend of his uncle's. The Englishman was pointing out the honour of belonging to that great Empire on which the sun never sets.

"I see," the boy answered calmly, "but I can tell you why the sun never sets on the British Empire."

"Tell me, then."

"Oh, it's because the sun can't trust the British alone in the dark."

But he has changed his mind by now, thanks to his uncle.

Botha's honour and his loyalty to his pledged word have always been above reproach. No one has done more than he to help the friendship between Boer and Briton, and to-day he has the full confidence of Britishers everywhere. No more loyal subject of the King breathes than Louis Botha; little wonder that loyal South Africa went wild with delight when he made the announcement that it was his intention to personally lead His Majesty's forces.

De Wet Not the Man He Was.

As for De Wet, it remains to be seen if he is still the general he was. Fifteen years have passed since this rabid anti-Britisher was engaged in his marvellous guerilla campaign. Now he has reached the age of 60, and last year he was the victim of a paralytic shock. Physically, at any rate, he is not the same man.

We have no desire to belittle De Wet merely because he has proved himself to be a traitor. He played a gallant part in the war which every Briton is ready to acknowledge, and it is to be regretted that in his old age he should have listened to the specious promises of the wily Teuton. De Wet was the slimmest of the slim when opposed to our arms, but to-day he becomes the subservient tool of a nation which is disgraced, and on the way to being crushed as well.

De Wet has allowed his anti-British sentiment to warp his better judgment. He has always been an irreconcilable. Unlike Botha, he is an uneducated, uncouth man, speaking the taal, and knowing the English language but imperfectly. There is little of the statesman about him, but he was an audacious fighter in his day.

A Modern Ishmael.

A man of middle-height and middle-weight, De Wet is not a man either in bearing or in appearance to attract attention. He wears a scrubby, short beard and a thick moustache.

Christian De Wet—Rebel!

His dress used to be a seedy black coat and a pair of striped trousers. Nothing anywhere to denote the General, the man who defied the cleverest Generals, the swiftest troops of the British Army.

But in his face is the stamp of invincible determination; the mouth, slightly drooped at the corners, is carried tightly closed, and the strong square jaw is firmly set beneath the straggly beard. The high, square forehead rises steeply from a pair of bushy eyebrows, beneath which the restless, all-seeing eyes gaze out to the distance. There is seldom a smile in those eyes, but there is the gleam of a steady purpose, the cold resourcefulness of a man hunted by his fellows.

He was a wily old fox, and time and again he literally slipped through the fingers of the British generals sent after him. He did more irritating damage to our army than any other man, and actually succeeded in invading Cape Colony when his own country was in the hands and under the flag of Britain.

Time and again he thwarted the efforts of his fellow-countrymen to conclude peace. He has always been jealous of Botha, and practically compelled the latter to remain on the field long after the future Premier said that the struggle was hopeless.

Stood Out Against Peace.

Although one of the signatories of the Vereeniging Peace Conference, he appended his name to the document with the utmost reluctance, and had it not been for Lord Kitchener's tactful handling of the slim commandant he might have continued his guerilla tactics for some years later.

De Wet has always had a great influence in the Free State, where he is the owner of a large farm. For three years before the Union he was Minister for Agriculture under the late Mr Fischer, and he showed considerable administrative ability in that position.

As a platform speaker, De Wet has little of the sympathy and tact which have made General Botha so successful; but, in his way, he is very effective. He hardly ever addresses a meeting in any language but Dutch, and he expresses his opinion in short, abrupt sentences, as though he were giving military orders.

De Wet was born on a farm and bred on a farm. He was brought up on the vast distances of the veldt, learning every intricacy of veldt lore, reading the signs of the plain as a European would read military text-books, and inscribing in his memory every fold of the ground he passed over.

To-day the Free State is to him as an open book. He knows every road, every drift, every watering-place. More than once he has led his men on the darkest night to within 300 yards of the British encampment without one false step, and has posted them there in the position most suitable for an ambuscade when dawn should have delivered his enemy into his hands.

De Wet takes the field again under auspices that are not too promising. He is no longer leading a united people, but is actually in conflict with men of his own race and country. It is a pitiful climax to a picturesque career.

The traitor Beyers, who recently resigned his position as Commandant-General of the Citizen Forces of the Union of South Africa as a protest against operations against German South-West Africa, and whom De Wet has joined, is getting his first taste of Botha's generalship.

Beyers began as a private in the Boer War, and rose to be Assistant Commandant-General, North District, Transvaal. His greatest success was the Boer victory at Nooitgedacht. At Vereeniging he translated Lord Kitchener's speeches to the Boers.

Colonial Opinion of the Rebellion.

Considered in its worst aspect, the disaffectation in South Africa, writes a Colonial correspondent, need cause no alarm. It need raise no fears for the safety of friends in the towns of South Africa. If these commandos get loose at all they will give a very wide berth to centres of population and industry. They will work mischief undoubtedly while at large. But the madness of Generals De Wet and Beyers has gone far if it produces pictures of a repetition of the former's guerilla methods of the later stages of the South African War. There is a different force to fight, and, what is more important, there is a different population not fighting. This population has lived a most educating life since the declaration of peace. "The very great majority of the citizens in every province of the Union are thoroughly loyal, and detest the very idea of rebellion," says the Government.

It is among this population that De Wet purposes to move, supposing this extraordinary rebellion is seriously carried on. It is not his object, one shrewdly guesses, to maroon himself in the sandy wastes of German Africa. De Wet, this side the grave, will never forget the operations for which he obtained such kudos a dozen or more years ago, and, if he gets going, it will be on the lines of these operations that he will conduct the new rebellion. His adherents can only be a limited number. His operations will largely be in unfriendly country. His ammunition will soon be a pressing problem. The danger of trouble among the natives is not suggested by this new phase; the lesson of the Zulu rebellion sunk deep in the native mind.

Unless some mammoth and unimagined conspiracy intervenes, it does not seem that the present disaffection will delay the ultimate success of British arms in South Africa any more than did Maritz's rebellion. It may be a little more troublesome, but the end is the same. The fervent hope is that when the result is achieved Maritz, De Wet, and Beyers will be dealt with as they have deserved.

Sprightly Thrusts at Kaiser & Co.

AS A LITERARY CRITIC.

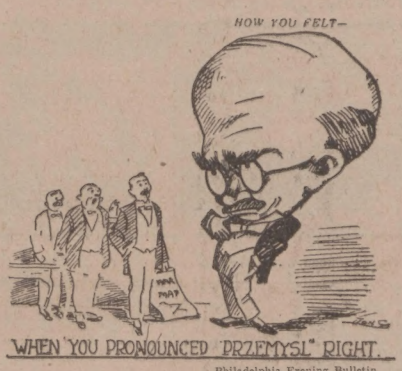
VOT A MISTOOK!

Montreal Daily Star.

Picture of the German spy who informed the Kaiser that Canada was disloyal, India full of sedition, and Ireland only waiting for an opportunity, &c., &c., &c.

SHAKESPEARE
The quality of mercy is not strained, it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath.
MILITARISM
Poor old Bill the Bard! He was way off!

Chicago Daily News.



Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Another scrape of the pen.

OUT OF GEAR.

III, YOU VOS GOING DER WRONG VAY TO PARIS!— VOT YOU GO VORWARTS BACKWARTS FOR.?
GERMAN ARMY
INVENTED AND PATENTED BY KAISER WILHELM MADE IN GERMANY
SHORTEEST ROUTE BACK TO GERMANY

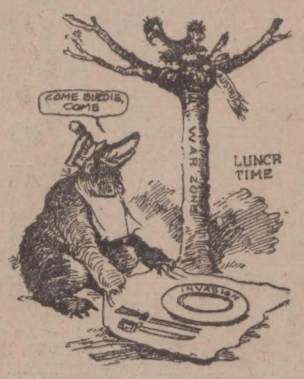
Montreal Star.

The great invincible war automaton goes forwards backwards.

OUT FOR THE BOWLING RECORD.

And I don't think!

AUSTRIA UP THE TREE.

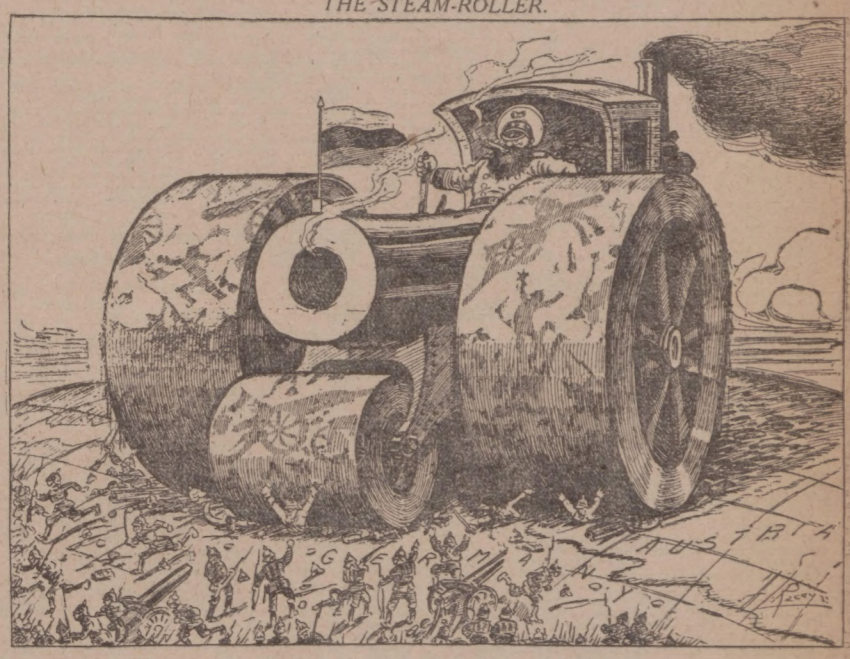


Boston Post.

****

LOOK OUT FOR MORE TOPICAL CARTOONS NEXT WEEK.

THE STEAM-ROLLER.



On it comes, slowly, but surely.

HEARTS MAKE NO MISTAKE AT AYR.

SENSATIONAL COLLAPSE OF AIRDRIEONIANS.

ALL THE LEADING MATCHES REVIEWED.

Again have many of the critics been confounded.

Hearts' win at Ayr proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Tynecastle team are THE team of the season.

Falkirk's wonderful revival was sore needed. They won handsomely at Stark's Park, over which the sun had shone all the week. There are some who will say this indicates that the Rovers were lucky to win at Ibrox the week before. But those who do are wrong. There is no doubt that the Bairns' win was the surprise of the afternoon.

It was better even than Killie's 1-0 win at Dundee. The Dundonians have never been a dangerous side this season.

The Accies' victory over the Spiders created no surprise at Hamilton.

Morton's triumph at Love Street was quite in keeping with form.

Celtic's win at Parkhead was expected. The only surprising thing about it was that it was not bigger.

Hearts still hold on to a very comfortable lead. They are four points ahead of Celtic, their nearest rival. But Morton are relatively better off with sixteen points for twelve matches. Ayr go back, and even at this early stage we must regard them as out of the race for the flag.

WHY HEARTS WON.

It was a very hard and exciting game at Somerset Park. There were 10,000 people present. Play was awfully fast and the enthusiasm reached a high pitch. There was no scoring in the first half. Both sides presented grand defences, against which rapid forward attacks broke again and again. The United played as if possessed. Their forwards, smart and tricky, were up against a half-back line, which was at its best, even with Peter Nellies away. Briggs, Scott, and Mercer were a splendid trio—better than the United three—and the Hearts have to thank their middle division chiefly for their very fine win.

Mercer proved his usefulness by operating at left half, and playing a binder of a game. Up to half-time there was no scoring. The best in Ayr's grand defence was brought out by the nippy work of Hearts' forwards. Bell and M'Stey were extremely steady.

In the second half the homesters got more than they bargained for. Low's opening goal was a beauty. It was pretty to see the Hearts' van on the move. They have some class young stuff, and Gracie's mellow play binds the line up capitally.

But the United should have equalised. The forwards were too eager, and the half-backs too anxious. Cool play was wanted at a critical stage, yet neither Richardson nor Dainty supplied it. The occasion seemed too big for Ayr. There appeared to be too much at stake. Then Graham got a second goal. It was rather a lucky affair, but it counted. That was sufficient. Ayr couldn't make up the leeway. They were beaten by a smarter lot—smarter in attack, and at half-back Dainty is scarcely the man he was. A pivot with offensive value to-day would have been invaluable to Ayr. Nevin was the pick of the United's halves. Bell and M'Stey were grand backs. They are just about as good a pair of club backs as there are in the League. Hearts' attack touched a high standard all the time. This was unlike the United five, who faded considerably in the second half under the hefty work of the Tynecastle middle men. Strange to say, Peter Nellies was not missed. Scott is a grand player. Mercer's power and ability is known. Crossan and Currie were swift and sure, and in saying they were no better than M'Stey and Bell is paying the latter a fine compliment. Low and Gracie were the pick of a brainy van.

MOTHERWELL'S BAD LUCK.

Motherwell were very unlucky to lose at home—2-0—to Clyde. It was a fast, hot game, with the homesters playing strong, clean football in the open. The exchanges did not favour Clyde, who were flattered by the score. But the Reds took advantage of their chances, whereas Motherwell's work in front of goal was not good. They failed to take advantage of clear chances, and their defeat was merited because of that. Clyde's defence was stout and sound. Farrell has turned out a splendid back. Blair is not missed. His tackling and stopping were grand, and he was the best back on the field. M'Andrew, as usual, was the leader of the middle line. It is fortunate for the Reds that this clever and resourceful player is still able to give his services. Points are precious. As a pivot M'Andrew is one of the best. He will be missed when he goes.

Motherwell have made a sound capture in Penman. He was the better of their backs. Finlayson played a capital game at half, but the forwards, as I have said, lost the match through faulty finishing. Cranston and Allan scored for Clyde—the latter being from a penalty.

CELTIC WORTHY WINNERS.

There were plenty of thrills in the great game at Parkhead, where Celtic and Rangers proved a never-failing attraction. The crowd was a big one, and there must have been anything up to 35,000, and the play was worthy of the "old firm."

Celtic deserved the points. There was no question that in the football that pays the home lot were top dog. At times Rangers flattered in the outfield, only to deceive when they got near Shaw. It was a case of dash against finesse, and the fearless tactics of the Celts carried the day and the points.

Only in the last twenty minutes of the game could it be said that Celtic were thoroughly the masters of the Light Blues. Rangers tapered off slightly, but the play was good and clever throughout, and worthy of the champions and of their old and respected rivals.

The game in the first half was very even, and level pegging at the interval was a fair reflex of how the exchanges were distributed. Although Celts were first to score through M'Menemy from a judicious pass by Browning, yet the Light Blues had cruel luck in front of Shaw quite early on. How they failed was just one of those instances of rank misfortune which falls to the lot of every team. Celts won because they proved the headier lot near goal. When new Lock the Greens always spelt danger, and that although Kelso and Craig were great in their kicking and tackling.

THE PARKHEAD DEFENCE.

For a time the greatness of the Celtic defence was demonstrated in a regular fusilade by the Rangers' van. Three times in as many minutes corners fell to the Ibrox team, but M'Nair and Dodds were extra, and kicked and tackled like the champions they are. When Rangers at last got level through Willie Reid it was only deserved on play. The Light Blues had struggled long for the equaliser, which came unexpectedly, but Shaw never saw the terrific drive which the Rangers pivot sent whizzing into the net.

In a way Rangers were unlucky in the method whereby Celts gained the winning goal. Gallacher was fouled about twenty-five yards out from Lock's charge, and the free kick was taken, which a defending player got away. But the whistle had not gone, and the referee ordered the kick to be retaken. This time Jimmy Quinn tried a terrific drive, which Lock managed to put away, but Gallacher was lying handy, and popped the leather into the net before Lock could regain his charge.

As against this, however, the Rangers' goal had some very close shaves. One express drive from Quinn at blank range was turned past the post by Lock in a marvellous fashion, and the Rangers' goalie was certainly not responsible for the defeat.

NIPPY AND ELUSIVE FORWARDS.

Celtic's forwards were superior to their opponents. They were nippy and elusive, and their shooting was more frequent than the attempts of Reid and his comrades. M'Menemy, M'Atee, and Gallacher were the pick, although Quinn was far from being a failure, and several of his drives deserved a better fate. M'Nair was superb at back, and his tackling extricated the Celts out of many a tight corner. All three halves worked hard, with Johnstone about the pick of the bunch. Shaw had not many direct shots to field, although on several occasions the crossbar prevented Rangers from counting. Alick Bennett had a regular howitzer drive which almost split the woodwork.

Rangers' defence was splendid. Lock saved some teasers, and he was grandly supported by Kelso and Craig. The ex-Dundee back played brilliantly until about the last ten minutes, when he suggested cracking up a little. Jamie Gordon was the star of the half-back line, and he tried a few long range efforts which almost counted.

The forwards were clever in the outfield, but singularly ineffective near goal. Paterson and Bennett were most noticeable, and while Willie Reid notched the only goal for Rangers that was about all he did. More thrustfulness near goal will have to be adopted if the otherwise clever work of the Light Blues is to meet with its deserved success.

FALKIRK'S FINE WIN.

Raith Rovers sadly disappointed their supporters after their brilliant show at Ibrox.

Perhaps they were too cocky against Falkirk. At anyrate, they were well whipped, and, on the whole, the Bairns deserved their victory. Raith seldom gave glimpses of the form which took the breath and the points from the Rangers. At times they played cleverly, but the fact is they seemed to have spent themselves last Saturday. Falkirk began in unusual style for them. They were all over the Rovers in the first minute, and Orrock, getting a chance, made no mistake with a shot which beat Neish to the wide. The Falkirk forwards played better football than they have done for weeks. They moved with harmony, and against one of the strongest defences in the League.

Rovers managed to equalise before the interval, but on the run of play the score rather flattered them. Raith began the second half well in something like the style of last Saturday, but they had not keep it up. The forwards missed chances. They were not the alert five who made rings at Ibrox. Falkirk's defence was fine, with an element of luck in the play of it. The Bairns latterly came away strongly. Neish was clean beaten by Glancy, and another goal following Falkirk's win was no narrow affair. Winning, Porter, Scott, and Gibson were best for Raith Rovers, who as a side did not strike their best form. Falkirk's altered side made for strength. Thomson, Glancy, Ramsay, and Morrison were the leading lights.

MORTON MAKE NO MISTAKE.

Morton made no mistake at Love Street after St Mirren had opened the score through Brown. This Saints' success put the Greenock men on their metal. From that point they made the pace, and proved themselves far easily the superior team. The score, 4-2 for Greenock, hardly does Morton full justice. But for O'Hagan they would have equalised earlier than they did. Their pressure was severe, and only the Irish lad's class caretaking, coupled with sound work by Todd and H. Reid, delayed the equalising goal. But Buchanan having drawn blood, more followed. Stevenson, with a clever over-the-shoulder effort, added a second goal. And so till the end the visitors were top dogs, as they deserved to be.

O'Hagan distinguished himself. Todd and A. Reid were sound, and under heavy pressure showed plenty of resource and power. Where the Saints were weak was at half-back. All were deficient in feeding. Nor did the rearranged attack forward rank cover itself with glory. It was disappointing. At half-back, the agility of Wright, and the experience of Stark and May, were always in evidence. The van was smart, with Seymour the pick, and Buchanan the best shot on the field. Morton are well in the running for honours.

Dumbarton at home managed to bag both points. In a rather disappointing game they beat Third Lanark by two goals to one. For pure football the Warriors were ahead of the Sons, who, however, showed better form than they have done for the past week or two. In the opening half the homesters were shaky, and their play did anything but inspire confidence. The attack was fairly good in the open, but at close quarters it was easily subdued by Third's powerful defence. It was just what the Glasgow men deserved when Smith gave them the lead. This woke up the Sons. In the second period they brightened wonderfully, and after the equaliser were always the likelier lot, not so much by their skill as by their dash. The Warriors were always the smarter men with their feet.

Watson drew the Sons level. Thom put them ahead. Dumbarton were a shade lucky to win. A draw would have been a correct reflection of the play. Riley was lame in the second period, and Thirds suffered. Best for Dumbarton—Hamilton, Davidson, Murray, and M'Gregor; and for Thirds, Brownlie, Swift, White, Smith, Lennon, and Scott.

AIRDRIE'S BIG BEATING.

Partick Thistle made no error against Airdrieonians. They whipped them by four clear goals. The victory was quite deserved, ought to be trained.

LATEST FROM ALL THE FOOTBALL FIELDS.

Considered Opinions of Careful Critics.

Hearts Go On Their Way Rejoicing.

Why has Harry Muir parted company with Rangers? Did he have to do so?

The Hert manager, Mr M'Cartney, went home well satisfied. No wonder.

Ned Macdonald and Forbes, of Dundee Hibs, were looking for wires at Perth Station on their way to meet Albion Rovers.

The Sheffield-Glasgow match was a fizzle. It should never have gone on. What purpose did it serve? Where did the funds go to?

Billy Hogg was none too certain of Dundee beating Kilmarnock. He had his reasons for thinking so.

Celtic are seemingly to run the Hearts close. Don't let it be a run away affair for any sake.

There is too much individualism in the Rangers team. Fact! They beat themselves at Parkhead.

The opinion of a qualified judge was that there were not two goals of difference between Clyde and Motherwell.

The Hearts' victory over Ayr was the most expected and the least unexpected of results. Put it down to the war.

There will have to be something doing at Ibrox. These half-backs of theirs are depressing.

The most surprising result was Hearts' easy victory over Ayr United. The fall away of the Somerset Park men was most surprising.

R. T. Murray—one of the best referees we have—did not receive many compliments at Fir Park. His decisions were prompt and correct.

The world stands aghast at the news. Montrose beat Kirkcaldy United in a Central League game by 3-2. I think I hear the Steeple bells ringing.

It is not a fact, surely, that certain of Rangers' Directors are differing, afterwards to agree as to what is most conducive to the best interests of the club.

I was wondering how many of those who were at Parkhead are likely to go to the front. Fancy if all of us went forward to fight! What a splash there would be!

There is to be no sale of goalposts and nets at Dundee. To be defeated by Kilmarnock at home was a disgrace, but, of course, these things can't be helped.

I wonder if there is any truth in the rumour about there being any divided camp at Ibrox? I mean among the Directors. Surely not! They are a lot of excellent sports.

It is not a national calamity, but I may assure you of the fact that certain of the Central League clubs are likely to go into liquidation before the war is finished.

One big mistake—we all make them of course—on the part of the Hearts was in parting with Bob Reid. Big, fine-hearted fellow he was.

Why is it that Willie Reid is not striking his form? This is what Rangers' followers would like to know. Wouldn't Billy Hogg be a welcome guest at Ibrox?

Dundee wanted very specially to win at Dens Park. They didn't. There will be sore hearts in the town of the "Green and White Lights"—at night.

Some people in Kirkcaldy would like to know why Wallace has been dropped. Neish is the better man. That defeat by Falkirk should not be taken into serious consideration.

M'Cann, who led the van for Dundee against Kilmarnock, is a promising lad. He has got to come a bit, however, before he can possibly be thought capable of leading the van successfully.

There has been quite a talk among Scottish players in regard to this proposed reduction of wages. Look out for squalls! I think it will come to this that all able-bodied men will have to go to the front.

There is to be a closing down soon among the Central League and several Second Division clubs. The drain upon their resources is considerable, so they say. It would be well however, for the players to inquire.

Sandy Turnbull, of Manchester United, has apologised. Evidently he was at fault. You remember he was suspended along with Meredith. You'll see the Welshman reinstated soon. It has been a misunderstanding from first to last.

There are some people who are saying that Rangers are being over-trained. Somebody has evidently said to somebody, who has, in turn, passed it on to the other chap that the "light blues" are "done up." Don't you believe it. Bill Struth trained Clyde to some tune, and he is training Rangers as they ought to be trained.

Bradford—not a word! They only drew with Burnley at home.

The He'rt's aye the pairt aye that mak's us richt or wrang. We're wrang!

Dundee must be an away team. Results would seem to show this.

Why did Rangers lose? Because they played their same old "pottery" game.

Willie Barr is not staying the week-end in Glasgow. Falkirk, 3; Raith, 1, tells a story.

M'Cann, of Dundee, did not impress against Kilmarnock. You'll see Milne there before long.

It is a rumour certainly, but Rangers are not selling their goalposts. "Lock" is seeing to that.

Bury had better look after themselves. Fulham, 6; Bury, 3. It's all right from an undertaker's point of view.

Derby County resolved upon nap. They went and won. Blackpool had to pay. The points are now at the seaside.

M'Bride—not Peter—is being looked after. I'll tell you all about it when the deal comes off. He's a junior, as you know.

Celtic showed that there was more than a kick in them. Two of them took effect, and Rangers should have lost by more.

Glad to hear Sandy Turnbull is once more in the field. How will Bill Meredith patch things up? I am waiting the verdict.

How many balls off Jock Wyllie's head have escaped the grasp of the opposing goalkeeper? Don't bother me with the question?

The surprise team in England—look after Middlesbrough! They'll not win the League, but they'll win your friendship. No more at present.

Evidently this Scottish organisation at Stamford Bridge is not to work out as it was hoped. I still cling to the hope that it will, however.

You would almost think that this Scots-Chelsea team was not to do. Should it be Chelsea-Scottish? Pardon if I have made a mistake.

A referee who is higher in the estimation of all the people than those who should appreciate his worth is J. M'D. You know him, of course?

All lights are out in the neighbourhood of Dens Park. It was a matter of some considerable difficulty for Kilmarnock to pilot their way home. 'Nuf sed.

It will surprise some people to know that Baron Pierre de Canbertin (make it Concertina, if you like), president of the International Olympic Committee, insists that the Olympic games shall be held in Berlin in 1916 as per schedule.

Right O! It will be under Russian management, I believe, but there will be some talk about this.

Are the Hibs hibernating?

Take it from me, Willie Cunningham—Andrew's brother—is the man of the future.

Tom Maley's team is making progress. A draw against Burnley is quite good business.

To be a new "whistler," Shanks did not so badly in the Celtic v. Rangers match. He's awfully like Dougary.

Dundee are "ding doon." What a pity M'Gonnigal wasn't living. Fancy rhyming Tayside with Somer-side!

Tom Watson is on the outlook for a half-back. His name begins with "Mac." If he is particular, it will be "M.C."

One of the most notable figures in Scottish football is Quinn. Even in the press-box all I heard was—"I hope Quinn scores."

James and Willie Reid are fairly eclipsed just now. One of these days one of them, if not both of them, will burst out.

The Partick partook of more than 'Onians when they met, and got the better of the 'Onionians. It's enough to bring tears to your eyes.

I don't know what you think, but to my mind M'Menemy doesn't fit in quite so well at inside left as at inside right. Perhaps it has to be.

The "Dons" were met at the Joint Station—Aberdeen, of course—by a wondering lot of people, who thought them incapable of winning anything.

A change will have to be made in the outside right berth of the Rangers' team. To biff the ball as soon as it comes to you is not good enough.

Black, of Clyde, seemed to be very much annoyed at the elusiveness of Fairgray, and the referee was obliged to deliver him a pointed lecture.

Dundee is in darkness. No; it's not the threatened invasion of the Germans. Did they go there there is a good defence waiting to entertain them.

I asked you if the rock was where it used to be. It is. Dumbarton, 2; Third Lanark, 1. The Warriors may join Lord Kitchener's Army. It's doubtful, however.

Old "Alick" has certainly played many matches, but it is high time he was playing a few more. A hint to the wise is usually sufficient. Right! That will be attended to.

Why this fall of the Airdrieonians? Ask Whittle. He will be able to tell you something. What. I wonder, are the Third Lanark thinking of the man with the "knifey" name?

I wonder what the Kaiser would think if he knew the result of the Celtic v. Rangers match was 2-1——? The Censor comes in here, but I am privileged to state that the game went in favour of Celtic.

By the way, Geordie Philip is doing not so badly, but that defeat at Manchester—Hyde Road—looks bad. Is it not defenders that the Roker men should hunt for? A valuable hint!

When Bradford City got Albert Shepherd from Newcastle they thought they were doing themselves a good turn. They did. But what is wrong with Albert? Has he left his shooting boots at St James' Park?

Dan M'Michael will not read the Riot Act on Monday morning. The sanction of the Sheriff is necessary. But to be beaten by Aberdeen is something regarding which there will have to be some explanation.

Provincial clubs have a grievance against the "Glasgow six" in respect that they coin money when there's no coin about in the provinces. The Glasgow Cup is silver, but it's a golden cup to the successful.

I learned at Ibrox that Sunderland want a goalkeeper. Do you know anybody other than Brownlie, M'Turk, and Gordon Kerr? Bob Kyle will not "Kerr" who he is. Of course, I don't know that the Roker team need another goalkeeper. It was only what I was told.

Perhaps you don't know Pat Reilly, the secretary of the Dundee Hibs, intimately. He is a bit of a humorist. Discussing the Central League imbroglio, I remarked upon the error a journey from Montrose to Alloa—"A'll awa' and see aboot it," was all I got out of him. Not a bad pun, eh?

Brownlie says "not guilty," but this one has been labelled on his jersey. Conundrum:—"Do you know the difference between a sea gun attacking one German and a pea-shooter?"

"No."

"Then you're no good for General French's job."

No' bad, Jimmy!

Pat Reilly (secretary of Dundee Hibs) told me that at Tannadice Park they have "good gates." He added casually that they were all on hinges. Pat was of the belief that they would beat Albion Rovers.

LEADING RESULTS.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

First Division.

Hibernian	1	Aberdeen	2
Partick Thistle	4	Airdrieonians	0
Ayr United	0	Hearts	2
Celtic	2	Rangers	2
Motherwell	0	Clyde	2
Dumbarton	2	Third Lanark	1
East Stirlingshire	3	Albion Rovers	1
Abercorn	1	Cowdenbeath	1
Leith Athletic	3	Dundee Hibs	0

Second Division.

Clydebank	6	Vale of Leven	2
Dunfermline Athletic	2	Johnstone	1
East Stirlingshire	3	Albion Rovers	1
Abercorn	1	Cowdenbeath	1
Leith Athletic	3	Dundee Hibs	0

ENGLISH LEAGUE.

Aston Villa	2	Newcastle United	1
Blackburn Rovers	2	West Bromwich A.	1
Bolton Wanderers	0	Everton	0
Bradford	2	Burnley	2
Liverpool	7	Tottenham Hotspur	2
Manchester United	2	Chelsea	2
Notts County	1	Sheffield Wednesday	2
Oldham Athletic	1	Bradford City	0
Sheffield United	0	Middlesbrough	1
Sunderland	0	Manchester City	2

Second Division.

Arsenal	1	Lincoln City	1
Barnsley	1	Leicester Fosse	1
Clapton Orient	1	Birmingham	1
Derby County	5	Blackpool	0
Fulham	6	Bury	3
Glossop	1	Notts Forest	0
Hull City	0	Huddersfield Town	1
Leeds City	5	Grimsby Town	1
Stockport County	2	Bristol City	2
Wolverhampton Wan.	2	Preston North End	0

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

Millwall Athletic	3	Gillingham	0
Queen's Park Rangers	0	Brighton and Hove A.	1
Southend United	3	Cardiff City	0
Swindon Town	4	Exeter City	0
Portsmouth	3	Luton Town	1
Reading	0	Plymouth Argyll	0
Bristol Rovers	4	Norwich City	2
Croydon Common	1	West Ham United	2
Southampton	4	Watford	1
Northampton	2	Crystal Palace	1

QUALIFYING CUP.

Fourth Round.

Lochgelly United	2	Alloa Athletic	2

Fifth Round.

St Johnstone	5	Forres Mechanics	0
Forfar Athletic	2	East Fife	0
Dumbarton Harp	3	Dykehead	4
Thornhill	0	Nithsdale Wanderers	2
Galston	3	Armadale	0
Arthurlie	2	Dumfries	0
Broxburn United	0	St Bernards	0

SCOTTISH RESERVE CUP.

Semi-Final.

Clyde	2	Dundee	0

INTER-LEAGUE MATCH.

Southern League	1	Irish League	1

CENTRAL LEAGUE.

Bathgate	1	Arbroath	1
Clackmannan	0	East Fife	3
Stenhousemuir	0	Bo'ness	2
Montrose	3	Kirkcaldy United	2

RESERVE LEAGUE.

Stevenston United	3	Raith Rovers A.	2
Kilmarnock A.	2	Motherwell A.	1
Falkirk A.	0	Partick Thistle A.	1

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Cambuslang Rangers	2	Bellshill Athletic	0
Clydesdale Juniors	4	Clydebank	0
Vale of Clyde	2	Rob Roy	0
Glencairn	1	Perthshire	1
Benburb	2	Shettleston	1

SCOTTISH JUNIOR CUP.

Second Round.

Petershill	2	Mossend Hibs	0
Maryhill	1	Newton Villa	0
E.B. Heatherhall	0	Parkhead	2
Lauriston Villa	2	Wallacetea R.	0
Ashfield	3	Longriggend Wan.	0
Port-Glasgow Ath.	5	Neilston Victoria	1
St Ninians Thistle	4	Forth Rangers	0
Thornliebank	5	Renfrew Juniors	1
St Anthony's	5	Postal and Telegraph	0
Cumbernauld	6	Obay Glenmore	0
Larkhall United	2	Carfin Shamrock	1

STRANGE FORM IN THE ENGLISH LEAGUE.

WONDERFUL PLAY BY MANCHESTER CITY.

STIFF STRUGGLES IN THE SECOND DIVISION.

Manchester City go on their way rejoicing. Another fine win for them—Sunderland at Roker Park. There can be no doubt that they are at the top of the League table on their merits. And they are still unbeaten.

Sheffield Wednesday, who beat Notts County at Nottingham, are second in the race. The Sheffielders are in capital form. Geo. Robertson, injured, is not in their eleven, but they have picked up a gem in Causer, a local youth. And in Parker they have found one of the best pivots in England.

Liverpool sprung the surprise of the week-end by mopping Anfield with the 'Spurs.

Bradford did well to hold Burnley even at Park Avenue, and Middlesbro' brought off a very fine performance at Bramall Lane.

Oldham Athletic still maintain their good form, and are going strong in the race.

Both London clubs are unable to make material progress. Each has only won a single game out of ten played.

Huddersfield Town advance. They now head the Second Division, being three points ahead of the Arsenal. Their victory over Hull City was got by fine play. Arsenal could only draw with Lincoln City.

Derby County and Bristol City are close on the Gunners' heels. There is to be a hot race for promotion.

Sheffield U., 0 Middl'sbrough, 1

Sheffield had Brelsford, Hadley, and Sturgess at half-back. It was raining, and there were 10,000 present. Sheffield advanced, but Middlesbro' sent them back to see English make a good clearance from Storie, following which Tinsley shot wide. Middlesbro' forced a corner. Healey shot over the bar. The United got away, and Jackson beat Kitchen when dangerous. Fazackerley then shot wide. The 'Bro' forced a corner, English scoring. Thompson retired hurt. Half-time:—Sheffield United, 0; Middlesbro', 0.

Middlesbrough got away. Tinsley put in a hot shot, which was turned back. Wynn forced a corner, and Storie put in a hard drive, which was luckily cleared. Kitchen failed with a penalty against Weir, shooting straight at Davies. Brelsford made a wonderful clearance in front of goal. Middlesbrough came again, and a lovely pass from Stone enabled Elliott to score the only goal of the match.

Sunderland, - 0 Manchester C.,2

At Roker Park. Sunderland had strengthened their defence, playing Hobson and Ness in the back line. The weather was cold and wet, and the attendance only 5000. Play was remarkably even in the early part of the game, and the attacks by both sets of forwards had little sting in them. Howard missed two chances, and Philip skimmed the City bar. Buchan retired injured. Play was even to the finish of the first half. Half-time:—Sunderland, 0; Manchester City, 0.

Buchan was able to resume his place on the game restarting. Wearsiders attacked very freely, their forwards being exceptionally keen. Twice Mordue fired slightly wide of the upright. An attack by the City failed, but on the second attempt Howard scored twelve minutes from the restart. The City defence did fine work in meeting the Wearsiders' attacks. Howard scored again, Scott having run out to meet him, but failing to clear.

Blackburn R., 2 W. Brom. A., 1

At Blackburn, before 20,000 spectators, including wounded British and Belgian soldiers from Blackburn, Darwen, Clitheroe, and adjoining towns. Morris opened the scoring for the visitors after seven minutes, during a passing movement. Dawson equalised two minutes later, and gave the home team the lead from a pass by Latheron twenty minutes from the interval. A great drive by Shea was just wide. Half-time result—Rovers, 2; West Bromwich, 1.

Rovers, who gave the best exhibition of the season, maintained their superiority in the second half. The Bromwich custodian saved twice out of his charge in the concluding stages, a shot from Shea striking the bar, and Dawson being only inches wide. The home forwards combined excellently, and made the game a thrilling contest from start to finish. Simpson was the greatest forward on the field. The visitors were fortunate to escape a big deficit.

Bolton W., - 0 Everton, - - 0

Before 10,000 spectators at Bolton in threatening weather. Bolton played reserves for Feebery, Jennings, Jones, and Lillycrop. Everton were not at full strength. The game from the outset ran in favour of Everton, who were more finished in their methods. Edmondson saved finely from Parker and Galt, whilst Fern made two extraordinary saves from Vizard and Roberts. There was little method about the Wanderers' play, and they were fortunate not to be down at half-time. Half-time—Bolton Wanderers, 0; Everton, 0.

Bolton showed some improvement in the second half, and Roberts ought to have scored when he shot right at Fern. Play was very even, Edmondson once running out to rob Clennel. A dash to the other end let in Roberts, whose shot passed narrowly wide. Everton could claim no midfield advantage in the first half, but their defence was excellent, and goals would not come.

Manchester U.,2 Chelsea, - - 2

In dismal weather, before 16,000 spectators at Old Trafford. Chelsea played the same side that drew with Oldham Athletic. Hunter and Turnbull played for the United, their suspensions having been removed, and owing to an injury to O'Connell Jipps had another trial. Play favoured the United for the most part. Stacey damaged himself in collision with Halse, but was able to resume. Anderson scored for Manchester. Half-time—Manchester United, 1; Chelsea, 0.

After the interval Norton and Wall changed places. Logan got in way of a powerful drive by Wall. The game again went in United's favour. Halse equalised the scores with a fast, rising shot. Norton played brilliantly. Hunter took a free kick five yards outside the penalty line, and Marshall, in endeavouring to clear, helped the ball into the net. Halse equalised six minutes from the close. It was a keen game to the end.

Bradford, - - 2 Burnley, - - 2

At Park Avenue, before 8000 spectators. Rain fell persistently throughout the first half. The Cupholders took the lead in twelve minutes. Freeman finding the Bradford tackling terribly weak, and scoring easily after beating three opponents. Bradford played hard afterwards, and they had hard lines o nseveral occasions. Dawson, however, kept goal finely, making grand saves from Buchop and Little. Just on the interval Little scored from Smith's centre. Interval—Bradford, 1; Burnley, 1.

Five minutes after the restart Smith gave Bradford the lead, with a goal cleverly headed from Little's centre. Burnley were only five minutes in arrears. Freeman again dribbled past several opponents, and scored. Scatter good making an excellent effort to save. Bradford had rather the best of the subsequent play, exerting great pressure in the last ten minutes in front of goal.

Notts County, 1 Sheffield W., 2

In wet weather, before 10,000 spectators. The ground was treacherous after the recent heavy rain. Flint played centre for Notts. Bird being brought into the forward line. The opening exchanges saw Sheffield slightly superior, M'Lean scoring from a penalty against Perry six minutes from the start. Subsequent stages of the first half produced prettily-combined movements by Notts forwards, Waterall equalising after twenty-eight minutes. Interval—One goal each.

Typical of old-time rivalry of neighbouring clubs, the second half, despite miserable conditions, was contested at a ding-dong pace. Within a minute after the resumption Wilson, with a fast low shot, placed Wednesday ahead. Iremonger, the Notts custodian, was subsequently kept constantly busy, the Yorkshire representatives operating much more effectively than their opponents upon the heavy turf. Wilson and M'Lean were especially clever in the Wednesday front rank. Spoors and Blair at back were also constantly reliable.

Aston Villa, - 2 Newcastle U., 1

Played in wet weather, before 15,000 spectators. Villa won the toss, and attacked, but M'Cracken relieved. The game was of a scrappy character, considering the class of players engaged, and the tactics of the Newcastle backs caused much booing from the crowd. On several occasions the Villa all but scored, but half-time arrived without a score being made.

In the second half Villa rearranged their forward line, and in the first minute Whittaker gave Villa the lead. Hibbert equalised seven minutes later. Both teams gave a much better exposition of the game this half, the Villa in particular showing to advantage. Wallace added a second goal for Villa, running close in and beating Lawrence with a grand shot. Douglas and Hibbert played well for Newcastle.

Oldham Ath., 1 Bradford City, 0

At Oldham, before 8000 spectators in unsettled weather. Playing against a strong wind, the home side played excellently, and only the great defence of the visitors kept them out, for Ewart saved his side from downfall many times. Ewart, for Bradford, saved marvellously from Tummon after great work by the home side. Oldham were all over the visitors. Half-time—No score.

The visitors opened well, but the home side settled down, and only Ewart in the Bradford goal saved his side. A penalty against Boocock gave the home side the lead, Cook converting. Moffat and Tummon had great shots saved by Ewart in Bradford goal. Logan, for Bradford, just missed scoring. Bond was playing a great game, and missed scoring by inches only.

Liverpool, - 7 Tottenham H., 2

At Anfield, before 20,000 spectators. Both sides made changes, Lacey being absent from the Liverpool side. Play favoured Liverpool at the outset, and Banks scored a good goal. 'Spurs attacked vigorously, without result, and then Pagnam scored a second goal for the home team. Campbell afterwards saved finely from Walden. However, a centre by Cantrell was converted by Bliss. Both goals later had narrow escapes. Interval—Liverpool, 2; 'Spurs, 1.

On resuming Liverpool took the attack with vigour, and Jacques had to run out to save. Several times Campbell saved cleverly from Tattersall, and at the other end Pagnam, with a great chance, shot over. During an exciting scrimmage Jacques was injured, but resumed. Cantrell hit the post with a grand shot, then Pagnam scored a third for Liverpool. Clay scored from a penalty for 'Spurs, and Pagnam (two) and Sheldon (two) for Liverpool.

SECOND DIVISION.

Clapton Orient,1 Birmingham, 1

Before 9000 spectators at Homerton in delightful weather. Orient did four-fifths of the attacking in the first half, but Ross kept goal magnificently for the visitors, who scored first through Gibson. Jonas equalised just before changing ends. The second stage witnessed poor football, both sides missing several chances before the game ended in darkness and a draw of one goal each.

Fulham, - - 6 Bury, - - - 3

Played at Fulham in dull weather before 8000 people. Fulham, with the same team as last week, gave a fine display in the first half, securing a lead of four goals to one. White scored twice and Russell and Slade once each, while Bullen got through for Bury. Directly after the resumption Peake added Bury's second. With Gray miskicking, Peake scored a third goal for Bury, but Lee put Fulham further ahead, and Slade scored their sixth.

Hull C ity, - - 0 Hudd'rsfi'ld T.,1

At Huddersfield in wet weather before 6000 people. Play in the first half was fairly even. After twenty-three minutes Betts handled in the penalty area, and Shields opened the scoring for Huddersfield. The second half provided a grim struggle, both sides playing with keenness and determination. The defence was excellent, and neither goalkeeper had much to do. The Hull goal had narrow escapes near the end.

Glossop, - - 1 Notts Forest, 0

At Glossop before 2000 people. Glossop, combining splendidly, forced several corners, and after ten minutes Stapley opened the scoring. Glossop continued on the aggressive, and Powell saved brilliantly from Sharp and Thompson. Interval:—Glossop, 1; Forest, 0. The Forest defence was again subjected to keen pressure in the second half, but in the closing stages the visitors improved, and the Glossop goal narrowly escaped from Harris and Derrick.

Stockport Co., 2 Bristol City, 2

At Stockport before 5000 spectators. Both teams were weakened by absentees, but the game was stubbornly contested throughout. Thirty minutes from the start Rodgers scored for Stockport after the ball had rebounded from the upright. Bristol lost several chances in the remaining stages of this half. Interval—Stockport, 1; Bristol, 0. In the second half Gault scored for Stockport, and Picken and Brown for Bristol.

Leeds C., - - 5 Grimsby T., 0

Before 5000 spectators, in rainy weather. Leeds gained a deserved victory as they were superior in attack and defence throughout. They scored twice through M'Leod in the first half, while Summers saved a penalty from Goodwin. In the second half Speirs scored from a pass by Bainbridge, who also got through for Leeds twice in the closing stages of the game.

Barnsley, - - 1 Leicester F., 0

About 5000 people saw a well-contested game, despite unfavourable conditions. In an even first half Halliwell put on a fine goal, and Downs prevented the Barnsley goal from falling. Leicester attacked well in the second half, but Downs and Bethune defended strongly. Donkin, Downs, and Halliwell did best for Barnsley, and Fosse were well served by the backs. In semi-darkness Leicester fought desperately, but without success.

Arsenal, - - 1 Lincoln City, 1

At Highbury about 15,000 people saw a hard-fought game. The conditions favoured good football, but both sets of forwards lacked effective combination. Rutherford received poor support, and the visitors' defence, which included Strong for Jackson, kept the first half even. Five minutes after the resumption Hardinge rushed through a capital centre by Rutherford. With a hot free kick Chester equalised. The last fifteen minutes was exciting. The visiting goalkeeper was struck by a missile.

W'v'rh'mt'n W.2 Preston N.E., 0

At Molineux Grounds, in misty weather, before 6000 spectators. Wanderers attacked methodically, but the marksmanship was not good. Both sides missed chances. Brooks scored for Wolverhampton after thirty minutes, Needham increasing the home lead five minutes later. In the second half Preston were aggressive, but Wanderers did the most of the attacking. Broadhurst was injured. Preston continued with ten men, and failed to open their scoring account.

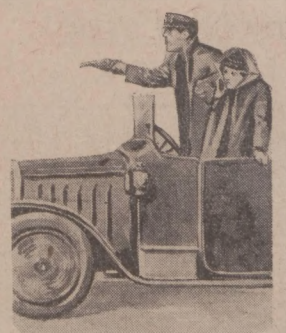
Derby County, 5 Blackpool, - 0

Played at Derby, in wretched weather, the attendance numbering about 5000. The Blackpool men started in promising fashion, but Derby were them down, and Moore scored with a long shot before half-time. In the second half Derby got a beauty of a goal, and Leonard added a third. Moore obtained a fourth, and Leonard a fifth just before the

BEGIN TO-DAY THIS GREAT STORY OF THE WAR.

DASHING DICK CARRICK.

Suspense, fear, and anxiety for weeks have been the lot of many whose dear ones were detained in Germany when the war began. This brilliant narrative is related by a well-known author who obtained details for many of the exploits from a distinguished courier and Continental traveler of wide experience. Like the Scarlet Pimpernel, this modern knight errant has brought joy to many British homes by conducting refugees through the lines of the enemy to the safety of our shores and their own homes.



The Beginning of the Story.

Dick Carrick, a daring and accomplished young man of independent means, undertakes the task of going to Berlin to rescue his sweetheart,

Ellice Remington, the daughter of a wealthy engineer. Ellice had set out for Germany before the war on a holiday in company with Mrs Gaylor, the wife of

Nardon Gaylor, old Remington's junior partner. Gaylor is in reality a German agent, and a month before the outbreak of hostilities received a mysterious code telegram announcing that war was certain. This telegram was signed by

Herr Baumeister, who is chief of the German spy organisation, and whom Dick Carrick runs up against shortly after his arrival in Belgium.

Dick tells Baumeister that he escaped from the British lines at Ostend, and, speaking in excellent German, pretends that he is Hans Fleischmann, and is attached to the spy department. His deception is discovered, however, and he is ordered to be hung at daybreak, but manages to escape from under the very nose of Baumeister, dressed in the uniform of a German soldier and with the chief spy's private portfolio.

Dick succeeds in getting to Berlin, where he has several narrow escapes. He ultimately discovers, as the result of a search amongst the papers in Baumeister's office, that Ellice is a prisoner in a private lunatic asylum. Obtaining admission to the asylum grounds, Dick tells the doctor in charge that Herr Baumeister has authorised him to remove Miss Remington.

"Have you a written authority from Herr Baumeister?" the doctor asks.

Dick shows some sheets of foolscap which he has taken from Herr Baumeister's desk, but the doctor declares he is an impostor, and imprisons him in the ordinary-looking, high-backed chair in which he had been sitting—a touch on a spring releasing a number of steel bonds concealed in the chair.

Dick bluffs the doctor by promising him half-a-million of money for the safe delivery of Miss Remington, and the doctor admits that he is open to be bought.

"Then, Herr Doctor, my mission has succeeded," Dick declares in triumph. "You are a traitor—you are false to your country. Ask Herr Baumeister to come down himself and see if he can identify me."

The doctor's face begins to work, and he is about to speak when the door suddenly opens and a woman dressed in dark clothes of a nurse's type enters quickly, dragging in after another woman who is resisting violently.

"Here she is, doctor!" says the nurse. "I can't do anything with her, so I thought I'd better bring her to you to see if you could tame her."

The second woman is flung forward roughly, and to his horror Dick sees that it is Ellice—Ellice, who stands there with strained, pained, frightened face, looking with eyes of wonder at the man still confined in the chair.

Ellice Makes Her Escape.

STILL Ellice looked at the man in the chair, and, though she was white, shaken and trembling, gasping for breath, wonder, astonishment, incredulity almost overcame her other feelings.

For there was Dick Carrick. She was certain it was Dick. It was his face—she couldn't mistake it. But the hair—the hair was not Dick's! Was she really mad?

She began to think. Oh, what could it all mean? Who was this man in the chair so securely held? Oh, it couldn't be Dick! She must really be the victim of hallucinations; her mind must surely be going. But no, it must be Dick, for as he looked straight at her his eyes seemed to be speaking to her—those were Dick's eyes, of course—and one eyelid, the farthest away from the doctor and the nurse, quivered in a wink. Yes, it was Dick, and his eyes were speaking to her encouragement, hope, and above all caution.

"Send the nurse away," said Dick in a voice of authority, for he saw now that he had the doctor in his power.

The man was in a funk; there was no doubt at all about that. He perspired, his hand trembled, and in a feeble voice he told the nurse to go. Then Dick knew that he had conquered.

"Let me out of this chair quickly," said Dick. "Ah! that's better. And now, Herr Kneitzer, you and I will have a little talk. But first of all offer the young lady a chair. She is Miss Remington, of course. You see, my knowledge proves pretty well who I am, I think.

"Now, let this be a lesson to you, Herr Kneitzer, never to play with the Secret Service," Dick proceeded. "Of course, we shall remove Miss Remington from your care; she is too valuable to be left in the charge of a man who has shown himself open to be bribed. Send down for her hat and cloak and whatever things she has, quickly. Do you hear?"

He spoke rapidly, in German of course, and Ellice, who had not much knowledge of that language, only understood that Dick was ordering this man about, that he was saving her, for every now and then she would catch that same knowing wink again.

"You know—you won't report this? You won't, you won't? Oh, please don't! It would be the ruin of me," pleaded Herr Kneitzer, now entirely giving way, tears chasing down his pale cheeks. "Look here, I've money here. I've money. Oh! it's all right, she doesn't understand. I've money here, and even to you money may be useful. Just promise not to report me, and I'll give you never a thing more—yes, all I've got."

He fumbled with his keys and opened a drawer in his desk.

"See here, look here, here's money! She won't know what I'm giving it to you for; nobody'll know. Two thousand marks, two thousand marks! That's a lot of money. Only just keep things quiet for me."

Two thousand marks is just on one hundred pounds in English money, and Dick held out his hand greedily, took the notes, and put them in his pocket.

"All right," he said. "Now, then, tell them to hurry up with this woman's things." He spoke in this way purposely. "I shall make my report to Herr Baumeister to the effect that you want to be rid of your charge. That'll square you all right, won't it?"

"Oh, yes, thank you, thank you! Oh, yes, that'll do well! And I shall be glad to get rid of her too, for she's been giving so much trouble. Yes, all right, she shall be out of the house in five minutes. There wasn't much but a handbag when they brought her here, just a bag, you understand."

He grinned, and Dick felt as if he could spring at him, take him by the throat, and shake him. But he held himself back. He had yet to get out of this awful place. It was no good crowing till he was out of the wood. Something might yet happen that might give him away, and if so, well, there would be trouble for someone. And instinctively Dick's hand slipped round to his hip pocket.

It seemed hardly a minute before Ellice's handbag was brought down by an attendant, not the nurse who had first come into the room with her; it was just a small handbag that could not possibly hold much, and Dick wondered whether this was all that Ellice had brought with her.

"Do you speak English?" he said to Herr Kneitzer.

The doctor shook his head.

"Well, I speak a little, and very badly, but I'll try and make her understand."

He turned to Ellice and purposely spoke to her in English, and with a very pronounced German accent. For he was going to take no to death in silence.

"Oh, Dick,—Dick, Dick! You've killed him, you've killed him!" breathed Ellice.

"Yes, I've killed him." Dick's voice was low but steady. "Now, Ellice, don't give way. I shall take your arm, and you must walk with me down to the gate and then once outside run like the wind, won't you?"

Dick stopped and picked up Ellice's bag which he had put down when he pretended to take out the written authority. And then, catching Ellice by the arm, he walked down the path, turned the handle of the gate, slammed it to after them, and they were outside, free.

Free! Yes, free so far. Now for the nearest place where they could get a cab.

But outside the gate there stood a motor car, with a chauffeur lounging by the wheel.

"Is that Herr Baumeister's car?" Dick asked the man with a sharp air of authority. For Dick knew that the way to treat people who work for their living in Germany and to make them believe that you are of high rank is to assume a brutal, dictatorial air.

"Yes, sir, Herr Baumeister's."

"Well, his instructions are that you should drive myself and this lady here to the Heinrichstrasse at once, and then come back and fetch him. Quick now, for there's no time to waste."

"Very good, sir."

The chauffeur jumped nimbly to his seat, Dick helped Ellice in, got in beside her, and away they went, safe for the present at any rate—escaped yet again from the clutches of Herr Baumeister.

And then, but not till then, Ellice's nerves gave way, and she dropped limply into Dick's opened arms, sobbing quietly and murmuring almost incoherently—

"Dick, Dick, Dick! Oh, Dick, I knew you would come! Oh, Dick, it's been awful! And, oh, that man, the man you killed! I can see him now. His face! Oh, Dick, it was awful, awful!"

"I know, sweetheart, I know But it had to be, it had to be. It was his life or ours; yours as well as mine. They would stick at nothing nowadays; they would have killed us both inside that place sooner than let us escape, I know. Poor devil! But it had to be."

Soon they were in the Heinrichstrasse, a popular and busy street right in the centre of Berlin, about half an hour's ride from the lunatic asylum. Dick stopped the car; he and Ellice got out; he gave the chauffeur a good tip, and then told him to hurry back and fetch Herr Baumeister.

And then for the first time since he had entered the asylum Dick smiled.

"Herr Baumeister's luck seems dead out," he said. "But, now, darling, I must take you somewhere and give you something to eat. They say that's the first thing a Britisher does after excitement of any kind—goes and has something to eat. We shall have such lots to talk about, and such lots to do, sweetheart—at least you're not; it doesn't matter about me. But you're not frightened, are you?"

"Frightened? Frightened when I'm with you, Dick? Oh, I should be a silly girl if I were frightened when my Dick was near. Oh, Dick, it seems too good to be true, too good. And I have such lots to tell you."

"Yes, and I too. But be careful, sweetheart, we mustn't speak too loudly. "And we're talking English, you know, and English-speaking people aren't popular in Berlin just now. But in case of anything happening, understand that you're my charge, my prisoner practically. Now come along; we'll get into a quiet corner of that cafe over there and tell each other what we've been doing."

"A Good Arrest."

Ellice had to tell her story first—how she had come to Berlin with Mrs Gaylor, who, directly war was declared, had turned out to be anything but the kind friend she had professed to be. She actually threatened Ellice with all sorts of vile, horrible things unless she would write a letter to her father, the financier, saying that she was in great danger—in danger of her life even—but that Mrs Gaylor was exceedingly kind to her and was trying to make arrangements for her, Ellice, to be smuggled out of the country. That it would cost a tremendous lot of money, fifty thousand pounds, perhaps more, but that without money she was helpless, hopeless. Would he not try and save her?

"My God! what a plot!" said Dick. "Of course, it was just to get money out of your father. I wonder whether that sweet Gaylor had anything to do with it? I saw him here in this very city, in Berlin."

"Oh, of course it was he! He added his threats and suggestions to his wife's; he said that if I didn't write this letter, well, my life would not be worth very much. He tried persuasion, he tried pleading; he said that my father would gladly pay one hundred thousand pounds for me to be safe, he felt sure, and that he, Gaylor, would take the letter back to Britain himself, and that as soon as the money was paid to him he would set to work to see that I was set free."

"The foul brute! Of course, he wanted the money for himself; he would have hied your father of a hundred thousand pounds. The blackguard! The sneaking, dirty spy! A Briton! Pah, it makes me sick."

"He's not British, he's not British!" burst out Ellice, speaking a little excitedly and almost loudly. "He gave himself away altogether. He seemed so certain that he had got me, that I should never escape, that my father would have to pay for me, that he just simply sneered and jeered at me."

"I a British subject!" he said. 'Pah! I'm as German as any man in Berlin, but it paid me to be British, it paid me. Well, if you won't write that letter to your father, I can still get the money without. I can go back and tell him that I know where you are, but it's only money that will get you out. He'll believe, and he'll give me the money without your letter just the same. But he won't get you back—no, for we shall keep you here. You've learnt too much now to go back to Britain. Now, for the last time, will you do as I ask you?"

"I told him I wouldn't. I defied him. I told him that I was only a girl, but I was a Britisher, and that I wasn't going to give in to any German spy. And then—well, they took me off to that awful place where you found me, Dick. Mrs Gaylor took me there herself, I just simply had to go. I believe they put something in my food that made me weak, and then I found that I was in this awful place, that it was a lunatic asylum, and I think I should have been mad if I had stayed and if you—you hadn't come."

"I saw you. I saw you in a cab this morning, sweetest. I only got to Berlin this morning. Darling, I've lived days in those few hours. But I've got you, I've got you! I swore I would."

"You saw me in a cab? Oh, yes, I was with Mrs Gaylor. She called at the asylum this morning early to take me out. She thought that perhaps the relief of being away from that awful place for an hour or two would make me change my mind; but no, I wouldn't, and so she took me back again. That was why I was with her in the cab."

"Well, you're safe now you're with me, sweetest," said Dick. "But, by Gad, what am I going to do with you? Where are you going to stay? Supposing the Gaylors were to find you again? Darling, you're in danger here. I must get you out of Berlin, and that before very long. Oh, if only I knew some woman you could go to! Or if only we were—we were married and could be always together!"

In their excitement, in their happiness, perhaps, Dick and Ellice had unconsciously raised their voices to an ordinary level, and the fact that they were speaking English soon attracted attention. Angry looks were cast in their direction, and Dick became aware of this and inwardly cursed his imprudence as he rose to go.

"You are British, sir, I think? And this lady here, too? Have you registered yourselves—have you permits? Quick, tell me! I am of the police. Speak!"

A little, rather stout, bearded man with pince-nez stepped up from the next table, accompanied by a fair-haired, typically German woman.

Here at last was the trap from which there was no escape, thought Dick, and he was trying to think whether he should whip out his revolver and make a fight for it when he heard the police officer say in quite a loud voice, putting his hand in his pocket—

"There is my authority, mein Herr, and if you have no permit you will accompany me to the police station, and madam, my wife, will look after the young lady if she has neither her permit. It is necessary that we should protect ourselves. See, here is my authority."

He spoke in hectoring, blustering tones, and held right under Dick's nose not a card or a badge of authority, but just a used envelope, that was all, and on the back of it was written in French in bold characters—

"Permittez moi d'arrêter vous et Mademoiselle. Je suis un ami," which, being interpreted, means—"Permit me to arrest you and the young lady. I am a friend."

"You see my authority, then, mein Herr," went on the loud voice. But this time the café was beginning to get quite excited. "You show me your permits, or you and the lady will be taken to the police station."

"Then take us and be hanged to you!" cried back Dick, taking up the cue from the envelope at once, but wondering all the same whether it was a trap, whether this man was indeed a friend.

Then out of the café he walked in the custody of the bearded man, while the motherly German woman led out Ellice.

"It's all right," said the police officer, turning to the crowd that followed them to the door. "Dogs of English, eh? We shall see at the station whether they have permits. Hi, cab! Get in there, you!"

Dick and Ellice were unceremoniously bundled into the cab, followed by the man and the woman, and when they had driven a few yards the man leant forward and slapped Dick jovially on the knee, and spoke in the French of a cultured Parisian.

"Well, well, my friend, this is a go! The gallant Dick Carrick, isn't it? Ah, I knew him in spite of his yellow hair. And Mademoiselle, the pretty young lady with him, is she his wife? No, only his fiancée! Ah, more is the pity! I see the gallant Dick I hear him speaking English loudly, too loudly; the people in the cafe were getting excited; there would have been trouble directly. So I arrest them, I and Madame, my wife here. We make a good arrest, yes. It is quite laughable, eh, my good Dick?"

"But who on earth are you, then?" asked Dick, also speaking in French.

"Oh, this is a good joke! If the gay Dick doesn't recognise us then we are indeed safe! Don't you remember your old friends Monsieur and Madame Henri Beautemps, of the Comedie Francaise, Paris? I could remind you of a little adventure which may prove to you that we—well, may prove to you just what we are. Who was it saved the life of Henri Beautemps in a little boat on the Seine at twelve o'clock one summer's night and almost lost his life in doing it? Why, one Dick Carrick, the mad Britisher! Then who insisted on kissing him, much to his own disgust, but Madame Beautemps here? You remember now, gay Dick, eh?"

"Great Scott, that's right! And you are Monsieur and Madame Beautemps! Ellice, Ellice, it's wonderful, isn't it, wonderful? These are two very old friends of mine, husband and wife; they are actors, and belong to one of the best theatrical companies in Paris, Dear old friends of mine they are. And here they are in Berlin in disguise! Why, Madame Beautemps, yours is a wonderful make-up! And Henri—Henri is dark really; I knew that in my student days. Oh, now we must talk away in French."

"Oh, but this is wonderful, wonderful!" said the motherly-looking woman.

"Oh, we'll soon tell you everything!" said Monsieur Beautemps. "Come, here we are at home."

And the cab stopped, not at a police station but a block of flats—there are few residential houses in the centre of Berlin—and upstairs they went to one on the third floor.

"Here we are, then!" said Monsieur Beautemps, showing them into a well-furnished room. "Now, we're all friends here together, and we can talk just as we like. Hallo, what's the matter with Dick?"

For Dick had suddenly turned white; he swayed and swayed again, and then collapsed to the floor.

He had fainted. The exertions of the last few hours had been too much even for his iron frame and nerves; he had kept up until he had seen that Ellice was safe, and then everything had given way. Snap, he had had to give in!

"The Stupid Englishman" Again.

"And what about old Remington's girl?" said Herr Baumeister when he had discussed several minor matters with Herr Kneitzer, such as whether there was accommodation there for the detention of Britishers whom it might be necessary to keep secretly under lock and key. "I wanted to speak to you about her. Gaylor, her father's partner, tells me that her father would give anything to have her back. He must be worth, with realisable securities and properties, quite five million pounds. I've been thinking over a very good idea. We might take a photograph of her and send it over to him, a photograph of her ready for punishment—you understand, Kneitzer, the punishment that you would deal out to a refractory lunatic ready for—what is it you use—the whip?"

Kneitzer nodded and then spoke quickly.

"You will return her, then, to me for that purpose, I suppose, Herr Baumeister?" he said obsequiously.

"Return her? Return her? What on earth do you mean? Return her to you? Don't sit there looking like a fat pig, man! Explain what you mean!"

Herr Baumeister was angry and puzzled.

"But, Herr Baumeister," went on the doctor, "your man who called, he's taken her away with him; he said that it was by your orders that she was to be removed from here."

"And you've let her go, let her go—the girl who might have been worth a million of money to us! You've let her go off with one of my men? What the devil do you mean? What are you talking about? You're mad. Explain yourself. I wonder, I wonder! But no, impossible, it couldn't have been!"

A horrible thought struck like a knife into Baumeister's brain. But no, no; he tried to persuade himself that it was impossible; it couldn't be. Again and again he said that to himself. And yet it might be, confound it; it might be the man who had signed himself "The Stupid Englishman." He might have had some hand in this.

"Quick, quick, tell me all about it!" he went on. "This man, was he tall, clean-shaved, and with fair hair?"

"Oh, yes, yes," asserted Kneitzer. "He was tall and rather good-looking, with fair hair, and he had an air of authority, you know, quite a superior spoken man. I could have no doubt at all, Herr Baumeister, that he was one of your most trusted assistants. He knew you well, and your business, too, and he seemed very clever, I could see that."

"You fool, you idiot, you dolt, you pickle-headed ass, you dog's head! By God, I'll make you suffer for this! I'll take your head away; I'll shut your house down! You shall be ruined, ruined, ruined! Ah, don't you try to talk to me, you fool, you fool, you ten thousand times pig-headed fool!"

Both men had risen in their excitement, Baumeister almost foaming at the mouth with rage. Herr Kneitzer frightened and trying to understand.

"Out of the way, you fool, you, out of my sight, you—you——"

Herr Baumeister's flow of abuse was checked by his wrath, and he turned on Herr Kneitzer and smashed his fist right into the doctor's white face, striking him right between the eyes, and sending him back with a blow that Herr Kneitzer thought had surely broken his nose.

Herr Kneitzer was too pained, too injured, to protest any more, to try and induce the Secret Service man to listen to him, and Herr Baumeister rushed out of the room and out of the house and down the garden to the front gate, just one simple, raging mass of temper which bordered on insanity. "The stupid Englishman" had foiled him once again!

And his car? Where was his car? There it was just coming round the corner of the road. Well, that would mean the sack for Master Karl the chauffeur! Ah, he'd gone for a joy ride, had he? He had thought his master meant to make a long stay.

"So, you son of a dog, you've been enjoying yourself, have you?" he said, or rather bellowed, as the chauffeur came up. "Very good, you know what happens at the end of the week!"

"But, mein Herr," said the chauffeur, "the gentleman told me that your instructions were that I should take him and the lady to the Heinrichstrasse and then return for you!"

"Gentleman? What gentleman? A gentleman with a lady?" Herr Baumeister clutched at his head; he really felt as if he were going to have a stroke.

"A tall, good-looking gentleman with fair hair," said the chauffeur, "and the young lady with him was very pretty." I drove them both to the Heinrichstrasse as he told me to."

Herr Baumeister looked wildly round as if he really wished something would fall on him and kill him. This stupid Englishman again! Herr Baumeister was reduced to an absolute pulp of dejection, of impotent, wild rage. The situation was beyond him; he couldn't find words to express himself, and as he drove home to the city a horrible fear suddenly struck upon him. It couldn't possibly be one Britisher who had fooled him at every turn this day! No, there must be others, and if so there was doubtless further trouble in store.

And Herr Baumeister slept very uneasily that night, for continually in his mind were ringing the words—

"Here we are again, old chap!

(Signed) "The Stupid Englishman."

Dick and his French friends are still in great danger. How will they manage to escape from Berlin? There are thrilling developments in next week's chapters, and you should on no account miss reading the continuation of the adventures of Dashing Dick Carrick.

SHACKLETON HOPES TO PRESENT EMPIRE WITH NEW CONTINENT.

Most Daring Polar Expedition Ever Planned.

WITH our thoughts concentrated on the far-flung battle lines in France and Russia, the announcement that the Endurance has this week set out on its voyage of Polar discovery from Buenos Ayres did not excite the imagination of the public as the event would undoubtedly have done in happier and more peaceful times.

Sir Ernest Shackleton and his brave colleagues have gone forth with the objective of planting the Union Jack on the South Pole and exploring the Antarctic Continent in every direction. If the intrepid young explorer succeeds he will present a new Continent to the British Empire.

Never surely was an exploring trip undertaken in circumstances such as the present. The principal nations of the civilised world are at war. Armageddon has come upon the earth, the fair fields of France and the steppes of Russia are transformed into shambles, and the murderous instruments of war refuse to be silenced.

And in the midst of it all a few men belonging to one of the belligerent Powers set out on a small ship for an unknown part of our world, braving difficulties and dangers, facing death in its most terrible form, so that the cause of science and civilisation may be advanced.

The Explorer's Motto.

"Business as usual" is the explorer's motto as well as the motto of the business man, although, like the large-hearted patriot he is, Sir Ernest Shackleton offered to abandon his expedition in order to fight for King and Empire. "Nay," was the reply of the Sovereign, "the world has need of thee, not the Empire alone."

All the same, Shackleton did not set out upon his expedition with a heavy heart, despairing of his country's future. After the opening months of the war he sails for the Antarctic Sea, confident that when he returns—a year or two hence—the British Empire will be secure and on a more solid and substantial foundation than ever before.

This is Shackleton's greatest and most daring expedition—indeed, it is the greatest and most daring polar expedition ever planned. It will be recalled that Shackleton's previous achievement was to plant the British flag at a point only ninety-seven geographical miles from the South Pole itself—the most southerly latitude ever reached.

Wonderful Equipment.

Now he goes out not merely to seek the South Pole, but to explore the Antarctic Continent from end to end, to map it accurately and chart its shores, to learn of its mineral wealth, and to find out whether the polar snows have anything to do with the perennial mystery of our weather. It is a vast undertaking, but Sir Ernest Shackleton is a unique and powerful organiser, has made provision for every contingency, and in this great exploring trip he will be equipped as probably no other who has penetrated the waste of either of the polar seas.

Sir Ernest sailed on the Endurance from Buenos Ayres, while the other half of his expedition sails on the Aurora from Tasmania. The Endurance will head for Weddell Sea; the Aurora for Ross Sea, on the other side of the continent, the base of all former Antarctic expeditions

The full complement of the shore party will be twelve men; the complement of the two ships is thirty men, a total of forty-two. Both ships are fitted to burn oil instead of coal, and are also fully equipped with cages and tanks for bringing home live penguins and seals, which have never yet been taken from the Antarctic regions. Each ship has on board a biologist, geologist, and physicist.

Each exploring party will make a landing as soon as possible. The Endurance may land in December. More likely they will have to winter in the frozen Antarctic Sea. As soon as the landing is effected Shackleton will strike out, not for the Pole, but for the Aurora party, 900 miles beyond.

To the Pole by Motor.

While Shackleton and his five lieutenants are on the march, other expeditions will strike out in various directions from the Weddell and the Ross Sea stations. All will be equipped not only with new scientific instruments capable of making observations hitherto impossible, but with air-propelled sledges destined to supplant dog-trains in Polar rapid transit.

These sledges, designed by the great explorer himself, are wholly new and unique, and are Sir Ernest's special pride. They are described as aeroplanes without wings, or automobiles without wheels. A great propeller similar to an aeroplane's drives or pulls the sledge ahead. With a reasonably smooth surface to skim, the speed attained is remarkable.

"It's such a simple thing!" said one of the experts who tested them in Norway. "Just a sailboat, don't you know, only it runs on land and carries its own supply of wind."

Simple and perfected as they are, however, the sledges will not be relied upon exclusively. An ample supply of the best dogs procurable will accompany both expeditions.

These trained dogs, numbering 120, have been used to post work in Alaska or Siberia, and are of the same type as Amundsen took with him on his wonderfully speedy journey.

As they go along the dogs will eat each other, and by the time the explorers reach the Pole or thereabouts they shall probably be reduced to 50 dogs. "If I get to the South Pole with 50," said Shackleton, "I shall be absolutely safe."

Cinematograph Pictures Will Be Taken.

Cinematograph machines will be carried by the exploring parties, and everything will be filmed. Special pocket wireless outfits capable of sending messages across the snow wastes for a distance of from 100 to 300 miles will also be used.

The transcontinental march may be accomplished by the middle of next April. If so, the world should hear from the Aurora by the last of May. If the Endurance fails to make a landing during the first season, neither ship will be heard from until the spring of 1916.

The march will cover 1800 miles. More than half of this will be through wholly unexplored land. No one to-day knows anything about the great region between Weddell Sea and the Pole. No one can say for certain that it is passable at all. But Sir Ernest and his brave companions expect to pass it.

The Perils of the Expedition.

No one knows better than Sir Ernest the perils of such an expedition. It will be six men against a pitiless continent of ice, with unspeakable hardships certain and death almost an even chance. But Shackleton is confident of success.

The explorer is very proud of his medallion of St Christopher, the patron saint of travelers, which was presented to him by Queen Alexandra ere he left Britain. It is the mascot of the expedition. The Union Jack presented by King George will be carried from sea to sea by the transcontinental party.

"Shackleton has every chance of succeeding," declares Admiral Peary, hero of the North Pole. "He is undoubtedly the best man in Britain for this task."

Irish by birth, Shackleton ran off to sea as a youth, and at twenty-one had gained his captain's certificate. A year later he had navigated a steamer round the world.

Always interested in Polar expeditions, his record in this respect is a unique one. He fitted out the two relief ships for the National Antarctic Expedition of 1901-4, equipped the Argentine Expedition of 1904 that rescued the Swedes, entirely equipped his own expedition in the Nimrod, 1907-9, and assisted in the equipment of the Australasian Antarctic Expedition, 1910-12, which has done such splendid work on the north coast of the Antarctic Continent.

His achievements on the Nimrod expedition brought him fame. It will be remembered how, on New Year's Day, 1908, the exploring ship left Lyttelton Harbour, New Zealand, and started on her perilous journey south with Queen Alexandra's Union Jack flying proudly on the breeze. They were towed to within about a mile of the ice by the S.S. Koonya, and on the way they encountered some terrific gales, the tug being frequently completely hidden by gigantic waves! They landed stores, and built a living hut on Cape Royds, and this work finished the Nimrod left them, and went back to New Zealand to avoid being frozen in during the coming winter.

The "Land of the Great White Silence."

Fifteen men alone in the "Land of the Great White Silence," with but a few ponies and dogs, a motor car and some sledges to help them in their plucky attempt to wrest some more secrets from the frozen South!

Exactly how terribly they suffered from cold and hunger is hard to realise, but the scientific world fully appreciated their valuable discoveries, and mankind in general their pluck and perseverance and their tremendous [illegible] towards the goal of the South.

COMIC OPERA ON THE NORTH SEA.

Noted War Correspondent's Adventures at the Front.

THE modern war correspondent is denied the privileges of his great Victorian predecessors, but that the experiences of the journalist who follows in the wake of warring armies are still of the most adventurous and exciting type is amply proved from the pages of Mr Howard Ashton's book, "First From the Front."

Mr Ashton's crowded hours of glorious life make him the envied of all we "stay-at-homes." He has done brilliant work, and "First From the Front" is a series of vivid sketches and incidents in the North Sea at the outbreak of the war, and later in Northern France from the time when Paris was within an ace of investment, to the thrilling period when the Western Army began its great driving movement.

But for the marvellous tact and ready resource of a Danish skipper Mr Ashton would probably at this time be languishing in a German concentration camp. As a journalist keen to get a scoop for his paper, Mr Ashton must needs take a trip on a Danish cargo steamer from Leith in order, perhaps, to get a glimpse of the fighting in the North Sea, believed in the early period of the war to be imminent.

On the return voyage the bacon-stored vessel was pulled up peremptorily one particularly dirty night by shots from a German destroyer.

Comic Opera Scene in North Sea.

In a minute or two, writes Mr Ashton, with a very great show of fuss and clatter and ceremony and salutation a German officer boarded us from a panting little box of tricks which we could just see tossing in the darkness below. It was quite a State ceremony. Our captain bared his bullet head and bowed low. The officer saluted, stiff as a ramrod.

The scene that followed was sheer, undiluted comic opera, and not war at all. Our visitor was young and fair, with a very red face and light eyes which flickered uncertainly under eyebrows almost white.

Why, he demanded first of all, hadn't we stopped sooner? Why had it been necessary to waste time shots over us? The tenth shot would have settled our business once and for all.

"Never heard you sooner," replied the captain. "Your powder isn't noisy enough. But I am sorry to have caused all this unnecessary ceremony. We're all right, sir. We are a neutral ship with cargo, chiefly bacon."

"Where for?"

"England."

The naval officer shook his head.

"No, certainly not," said he. "You must take this ship to Hamburg."

Here was a pretty lookout. Our faithful skipper, however, was equal to the occasion. He declared a trip to Hamburg was absolutely impossible just now. It would disorganise the whole cargo service of his mighty important fleet and breakfast liners. This neutral ship was carrying dead food to England; other neutral ships in the same line were carrying live food to Germany.

"Do you know," he said, "that since this war began Denmark has sent into Germany supplies to the value of two and a half million kroonen?"

The German officer knew nothing whatever about it. He hesitated, he scratched his head, and in the sway of his undecision the captain's arguments swung him round to the point of view our intelligent skipper was anxious to drive into him.

"Well, I suppose you must go on," said the German at last.

The British Are Fools.

He had his hand on the rail preliminary to clambering down again when another suspicion held him back.

"Have you any passengers on board? Any English?" said he.

The skipper did not evidently think fit to imperil his mortal soul by unnecessary lying.

"Do you think, sir," he said, still with his hat in his hand, "that any passengers would be fools large enough to travel a route like this at a time like this?"

"But the English are always fools," declared the young officer, and with this parting shot and more ceremonious bowing he clambered down the slippery sides of our little ship and left us to carry on the remainder of our journey in peace.

French View of Our Tommy.

The admiration of the French soldier for his British comrade is humorously expressed in a young Frenchman's own words.

"Tommy goes into battle singing strange ribald songs which we cannot understand—something about 'Tip, Tip, Tip, Tipperaire.'

"He gets into trouble at this. His officer tells him to save his breath for other things. 'Do not shout so,' demands he. 'It makes you thirsty, hoarse, and thirsty, and water is not plentiful just now! Taisez vous!'

"But," and there is another smile from the light blue eyes. "Tommy says he cannot help it. If he cannot shout, and if he cannot sing, he declares he will—will—what do you call it?—explode!

"And when he is hit he does not cry, and he does not twinge. He just says 'Blast!' and if the wound is a small one he gets the man next to him to tie a tourniquet around it, and settles down to fight once more."

The German Lady!

Yet another story! This time of a French infantryman who had lost his kit and his company in one of the battles of the Aisne.

He was plugging along in the dreary weather in search of his comrades when he came upon a young German soldier, similarly lost, but very much better equipped.

He was sitting on a fallen log by the roadside, this young German, eating a full meal from his bulging knapsack—a beautiful brown new knapsack of leather. The Frenchman coveted this knapsack above all things. So he rushed at the German and bowled him over in the mud. They fought on the ground with fists, these two, literally a tooth-and-nail encounter. In the end the Frenchman won and claimed the German as his prisoner, but let him go on the condition of the rich ransom of his cowhide kit and its contents.

In the knapsack, in addition to the ordinary necessities of a soldier, were many strange things, some of which very much surprised the simple French Tommy into whose hands this precious loot had fallen. They included a brand new set of safety shaving appliances, a small, silver-rimmed mirror, a scent-spray, a manicure set, and a natty little pocket brush and comb.

The Frenchman, though simple, was polite, as all French soldiers. He bowed to his beaten enemy.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "I must apologise for my treatment of you. I was not aware that I was fighting a lady!"

Prisoner of War.

Mr Ashton—alone of all the war correspondents—witnessed the actual fighting on the Aisne. For his temerity in venturing within the prohibited zone of battle he was made prisoner on the instructions of the French General Staff, but was afterwards released by a British officer. We have touched mainly upon the humorous side of his book, but there is much of tragedy in it as well—tragedy made the more hideous by the methods of the Hun, retrieved by the unbounded and wonderful courage of the Allied troops. At the same time, Mr Ashton does not minimise the fine fighting qualities of the Germans, Huns though they be.

"First From the Front" is published by C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., London, at 2s 6d net

---

Everyday conversation in Continental cities:—"I am going to change hotels to-day." "Why?" "Because I am within thirty yards of the Cathedral."

Kaiser is shaking up the General Staff. There are also signs that Berlin may shake up the Kaiser.

We note that an army surgeon is extracting bullets with a powerful magnet. Why not have each soldier go into battle with a sort of magnetic lightning rod?

The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1914.

FIRST SEA LORD ONCE AGAIN!

The resignation of Prince Louis of Battenberg has resulted in the recall of Lord Fisher to the post of First Sea Lord, which he held from 1904-10. Lord Fisher has been well described as "the maker of the modern navy." He stands to the navy in something of the same relation as Lord Kitchener to the army. He is 73, and his naval service extends over 60 years, with a lot of hard fighting thrown in—Crimean war, China war, and Egyptian war included.

PRINCESS MARY AS XMAS FAIRY.

A charming new portrait, just taken, of Princess Mary, who is providing boxes of smoking requisites as Christmas gifts for the troops at the front. A special photograph of Princess Mary will be embossed on the covers of the boxes.

PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG.

Birth and parentage, two factors in a man's life which are ineradicable, have induced Prince Louis of Battenberg to resign the position of First Sea Lord at this juncture. An Austrian by birth, Prince Louis became a naturalised British subject, and entered our navy in 1868. "The navy of to-day, and still more the navy of to-morrow," says Mr Winston Churchill, "bears the imprint of his work." Prince Louis is the uncle of the late Prince Maurice, and has two sons and two other nephews serving at the front.

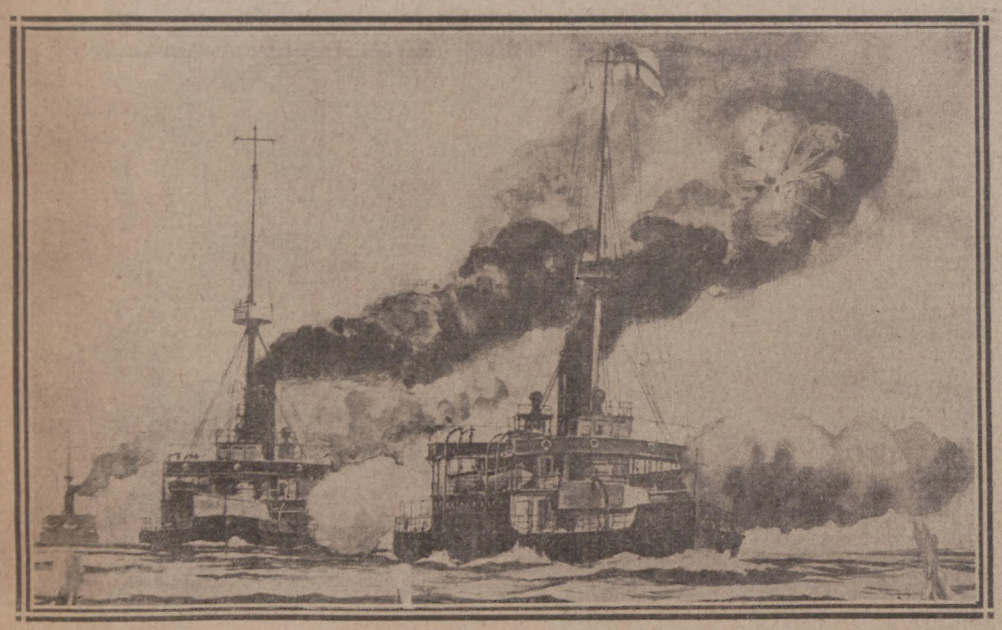
TOMMY'S MASCOT.

British soldiers with Zigoman, a Belgian kitten, which is a "refugee" from Ostend. It is taken everywhere by the men, and is carefully tended.

PRESIDENT OF COURT-MARTIAL.

Major-General Lord Cheylesmore, who presided at the court-martial at Westminster to try Carl Hans Lody, an alleged spy. This is the first time in our modern history a spy has been tried for his life by court-martial.

THE NAVY'S "SURPRISE PACKET" FOR THE GERMANS.



The fighting on the Belgian sea coast has been on sea, on land, and in the air. Those British monitors have been bombarding the German trenches at Nieuport, ten miles from Ostend. A landing party, with machine guns, has also been in action. The warships watched the Kaiser's men digging themselves in by the light of flares during the night, and at daybreak they raked the trenches with a terrific storm of shell, and made them untenable.

NIGHT BATTLE AS SEEN FROM THE GERMAN SIDE.

This picture of a night battle on the Aisne appears in the Leipzig Illustrirte Zeitung. It is described as being drawn by Felix Schwormstadt from details given by an eye-witness. The German paper entitles the picture "At the Great Decisive Battle in the Western Theatre of War."

QUEEN'S BROTHER WOUNDED.

Prince Alexander of Teck, who has been injured while serving at the front. The Prince, who is a brother of Queen Mary, has seen service in Matabeleland and South Africa.

FAREWELL TO "THE CHIEF."

The funeral of Sir Charles Douglas, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, took place at Kensal Green Cemetery. Our picture shows men of the London Scottish firing the farewell volleys at the graveside.

HONOURS FOR BRAVERY.

Colonel Bridges has already received the French Legion of Honour. It is reported that he is to be recommended for our D.S.O. and V.C., honours which have come to him in one week.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., GLASGOW.